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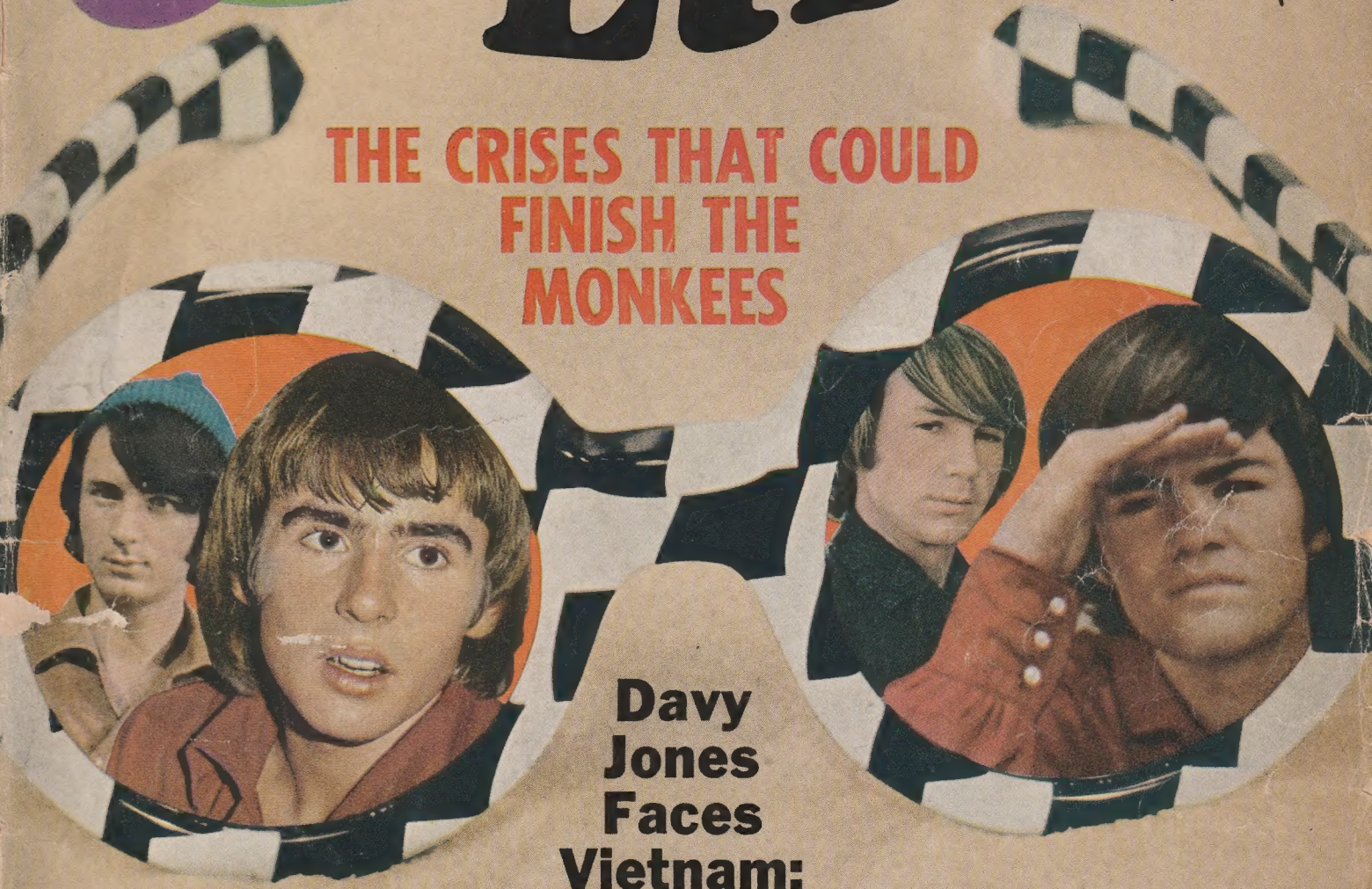
THE CRISES THAT COULD FINISH THE MONKEES



Davy Jones Faces Vietnam: "I DON'T WANT TO KILL ANYBODY!"

PETER TORK: "I'm Going Into Politics"

MIKE NESMITH THREATENS TO QUIT!

WHY HARPO, SMITTY AND FANG REALLY LEFT PAUL REVERE!

Exclusive: FIRST PHOTOS OF THE NEW RAIDERS!

TEENAGE SEX AND MORALS: Fabian Speaks Out!

FRANK SINATRA

NANCY SINATRA

teen Life

Volume 7, No. 4 August, 1967

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Come on . . . join the chit-chat . . . and speak up about the things that matter most to YOU!

Hello Everyone:

Say, what do you think. KARL GREEN of HERMAN'S HERMITS sneaked off and got married—without telling a soul! It was one of the best-kept secrets of the year. Not a fan was in sight—even the young couple's parents stayed away to keep the affair hush-hush.

Who's the lucky girl? Well, her name is (or was!) JILL DAVIES and she comes from Timperley in Cheshire. Jill, who's 17, met Karl two years ago when she was with a group called THE DOLLIES. Her group and the Hermits were on the same tour and when Karl and she met—well, they clicked!

Said Karl, after the seven-minute ceremony at Bucklow register office: "We purposely kept the wedding quiet and didn't even invite Herman or any of the other Hermits—just in case it leaked out. We just wanted a quiet wedding, without any fuss and without fans."

Jill plans to give up singing and devote her time to being a housewife—a new career which she's very excited about.

"Because Karl is so busy now we can't take time off for a proper honeymoon. We didn't even have a proper reception," Jill smiled, "just a quiet lunch. But we'll have our honeymoon later when Karl's finished his film work."

The wedding photographer, by the way, was Karl's eldest brother, Dave, who left his sick bed—suffering from a very bad cold—to snap pictures for the family album.

Now, let's get down to the happy business of answering some of your letters . . .

Dear Bess:

I am in the midst of a membership drive for the BOBBY VINTON fan club of which I am the president. I wonder if you would be so kind as to print my name and address in your magazine so that aspiring members may contact me.

The dues are fifty cents per year and new members will receive the following: a personal letter of thanks from Bobby; a 10" by 8" glossy photo; three postcard size pictures; three wallet size pictures; a fact sheet; a brief biography of Bobby; a membership card and a quarterly newsletter. All photos are autographed by Bobby. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Vintonly yours,
Julia Walker
731 Old White Plains Road,
Mamaroneck, New York, 10543

Karl Green of Herman's Hermits with his bride, Jill (Davies) Green.

Dear Julia:

I'm happy to oblige, and I hope you get a lot more new members. Great value for fifty cents!

Dear Bess:

Thanx for all the great stories you've printed on the WALKER BROTHERS. I'd love to write to Scott, John and Gary, but I haven't got their address. Do you think you could print it so that all their fans can write to them.

Also, are the Walkers coming back to America? I hope so because I can't wait to see them. (Sorry English birds, but the Walkers are rightfully ours!)

Carol Robeyna Williams
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Carol:

Judging by the amount of mail I've been receiving lately, the Walker Brothers have a huge fan following over here. And no wonder. They're three great sounding and great looking guys, and I hope they'll soon have that long-awaited big hit in America. I'm sure you do too. As for when they're coming back, no one knows. JOHN MAUS says he misses California and would like to go back, but GARY and SCOTT like living in England and may make it their permanent home. We'll have to wait and see. In the meantime, write to the Walkers care of this address:
Capable Management,
185 Dicken Hall Mansion,
Baker Street,
London, W1, England.

Dear Bess:

Thank you for that beautiful article, Where The Action Was. I must admit I cried it was so beautiful. Please back us in a campaign to BRING ACTION BACK. You might think it's useless, but it's well worth a try. Please print the address of ABC so all Action fans can write them.

Alice Tallmadge
Los Alamos, New Mexico.

Dear Alice:

Thank you for your nice comments about the Action story. Just like you, and thousands of other fans, I was shocked when Action was cancelled by ABC. Television just doesn't seem the same without it. Sad to say, ABC has no plans to reschedule the show, but I still think it's a great idea to drop them a line and let them know how you feel. Perhaps if they get enough protests they might think again. I hope so.

I'm sorry to say that we've run out of space for this month. Truth of the matter is that we had so many great articles for you in this issue, that something had to be cut. Unfortunately, it had to be Teen Talk—but I promise you it won't happen again.

Do keep writing. I love to hear from you.

Yours,
Bess

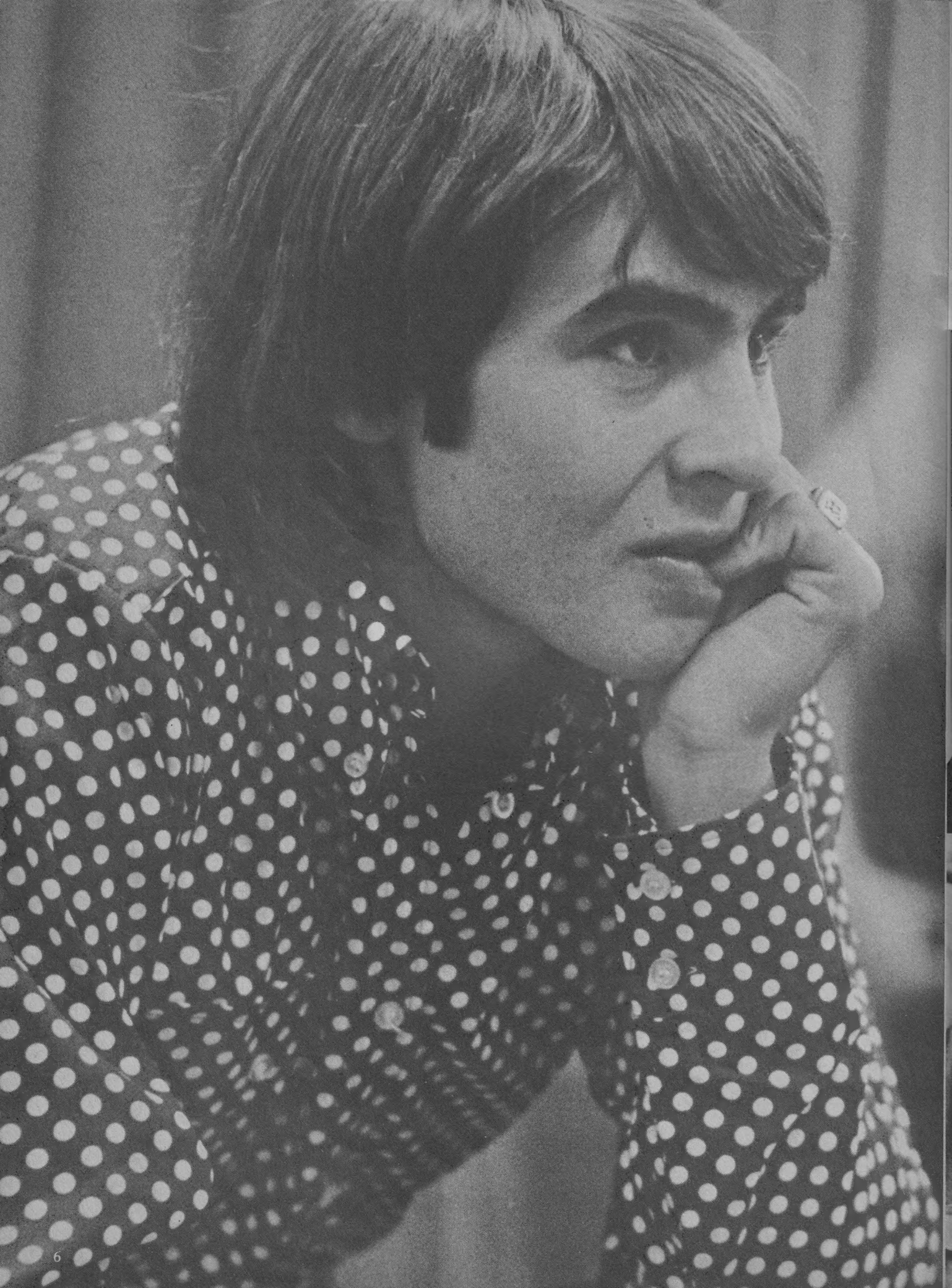
ENG-ER-LAND SWINGS— AND SO DOES KEITH!

ENGLAND was a gas! Some funny, far-out things happened that really flipped me out, man. Everything is so very different, but I dig the people—warm, friendly and real. They can't do enough to make you feel welcome and wanted. And when you're in a strange country for the very first time, that's very important.

One instance which stands out very clearly was what I call my "New Shoes Affair." Sounds like an U.N.C.L.E. segment? Well, pretty near it! Craig, my road manager, and I were walking around Hyde Park one evening, just getting our bearings and seeing where everything was at. Well, I had just bought these new shoes and, man, they were killing my feet. After a while, I just started limping. I couldn't even walk straight. Finally Craig couldn't stand it any more and told me to take my right shoe off and he'd break it in.

At that particular moment we were passing a parking meter. So, taking my shoe, Craig started banging it against the meter, giving off resounding whacks for all of Hyde Park to hear, I was sure. "Craig," I tried to say, "couldn't we try and make a little less noise? I'm sure we'll bring out the police at this rate." "Look, Keith," he shot out, "just leave it to me. I know how to fix your shoes, just don't worry about a thing. That's what road managers are for, you know." Well, he went on

(Please turn to page 55)



Davy Jones Faces Viet Nam And Says:

"I DON'T WANT TO KILL ANYBODY"

By the time you read this, Davy *could* be a soldier in the U.S. Army. How does he feel? What does he think? Read on...

"THEY won't get me, babe," said Davy Jones. "Sure, they can legally draft me into the U.S. Army and send me to some jungle and order me to kill people. But I don't think it will happen."

This is what the baby-faced Englishman was telling friends at Screen Gems as Teen Life went to press.

By now, the tough little showman is either IN—or OUT—of the Army. But one thing is certain: no matter **where** he is, or **what** he's doing, Davy is giving it his best shot.

The day we talked about the possibility of military adoption by "foster" Uncle

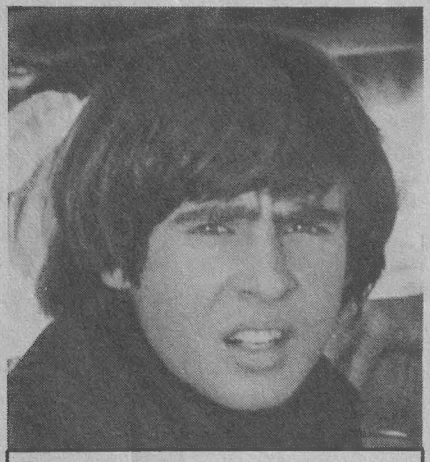
MORE

"I DON'T WANT TO KILL ANYBODY"

continued

Sam, Davy was busy on the **Monkees** set. He had bounced through a rough scene without a flub, and seemed especially pleased with himself. He laughed more than usual, bursting into giggles. And then I sensed the nervous tension.

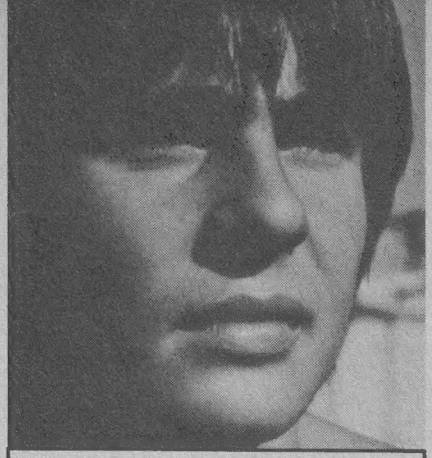
Unlike his partners, Davy kids around more when he is troubled. When Mike Nesmith or Peter Tork want to avoid certain subjects, they will say so. When Micky refuses to answer he



"Sure, they can legally draft me into the Army"

always explains why—which is usually the answer. But Davy's evasions are in the form of games and nonsense.

"See that chick over there?" he was saying. "That's Joy Harmon. She's in this show. Look at that blonde hair!"



"I wouldn't chicken out of a fight."

He was avoiding the direct question: "Have you taken your physical?"

". . . blondes like that are a gas," he sighed.

I repeated the question. This time he heard it.

"Physical? What for? Y'mean the Army physical? No, I haven't. I don't think it'll come to that."

Micky Dolenz joined in.

"Hey, Davy, remember that guy who wanted to pass out bumper stickers?"

"Yeh," answered Davy, "but no one thought they were funny 'cept him, poor jerk."

Micky recalled one bumper sticker which said: THERE ARE NO MONKEES IN FOX HOLES—based on a World War I slogan often heard at religious gatherings ("There are no atheists in fox holes").

"It's NOT funny," grumbled Davy. Micky shrugged and walked off.

"I wouldn't chicken out of a fight," Davy said. "None of us would. Cowardice is not a funny subject. Neither is war."

Early that day, newscasts had reported picketing of the U.S. Embassy in London, England, by youngsters protesting the alleged induction of David into the U.S. Army. I asked Davy if the studio publicity department had been "using" the draft situation to draw international attention to the Monkees.

"Are you asking if this whole thing is a publicity stunt?" Davy was shocked. And very annoyed. There was another sigh — a big one. "That would be a TERRIBLE thing! That'd be cheap and dirty! No, sir, it is not a publicity stunt. I wouldn't allow such a thing."

I had never thought of it as a stunt, but the question had been poorly phrased and I apologized.

"Forget it," he said. "You're just doing your job." An assistant director called him to the set and Davy bounced off like a kid running to recess.

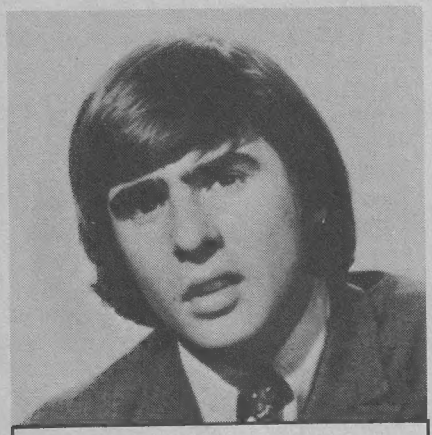
"Cowardice is not a funny subject. And neither is war."

I sat down to wait and thought of how much Davy had done in his young life.

At the age of fourteen and a half years, he set out to become a jockey — and succeeded. During his training, he listened to the advice of his elders and looked for opportunities—not only in racing, but in any area in which he might have a chance of "making it." He landed juvenile roles on British radio programs and was eventually cast in the musical **Oliver,** playing the

part of the Artful Dodger.

When **Oliver** moved from London to Broadway with the original cast, Davy was going on seventeen. He has been a working visitor in the U.S. ever since. Obviously, he carries a work permit and has paid his share of income taxes. But does that give Uncle Sam the right to make an American soldier out of him? Well, the answer to that is that it does. And Davy knew when he came here



"This is NOT a publicity stunt! I wouldn't allow such a terrible thing."

that he'd have to register for Selective Service, just like any other young man of draft age.

At this time, Davy has filed a petition for draft-exemption, claiming he is the sole support of his family. But, IF he were called, he would go. Davy is aware of his responsibilities.

"My father never earned more than thirty dollars a week," Davy told me. "But he never made us feel poor. He did the best he could. The neighbors were charging things like 'fridges, fancy furnishings 'n such, but my dad saved what little he could so that each year he could take us kids for a holiday at St. Anne's near Blackpool. No one round us could do that, but my dad saw to it. A million dollars couldn't repay him."

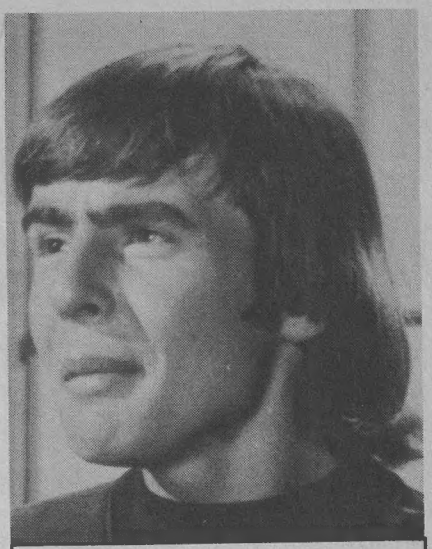
Davy's mother, Doris, died seven years ago when he was fourteen. Harry Thomas Jones never recovered from the shock of his beloved wife's death. His health broke and he lost his job. There were three daughters and a son, David, the youngest member of the Jones family. Soon after Doris died, Harry advised his son to get out.

"It was hard for him. My dad loves me and I love him, but he wanted me to get out into the world and make it. He encouraged me to be a jockey and even sent money while I was training. Later, he encouraged me to be an actor. He just didn't want me to end up like him. He has to rely on me now, even if he doesn't like it. If he's broke, he wouldn't say a word. He'd starve first. If I didn't send home a penny, he'd never ask why."

Since he spoke those words on a summer day last year, Davy has returned to England twice to see his family; to buy a home for his dad and to "look after things that need looking after."

"David is the most generous guy I've ever met,"

"I want to help a few people along the way."



"I don't want to kill anybody—ever."

a buddy told me. "He rarely mentions his responsibilities, but he'll cut anybody who tries to do him wrong."

Davy was still working in the scene. They had filmed three takes. The "cuts" were because of technical hang-ups and Davy was growing impatient—he was up on his lines.

"Don't run off, babe," he hollered to me. "You might as well reach your old age here as any place. Talk to Peter."

Peter Tork had just appeared and I asked him about the possibility of Davy's tour of Army duty.

"I don't think he'll be called up," he said seriously. "He's already jockey size. Won't he be too small?"

Mike Nesmith had nothing to say on the subject.

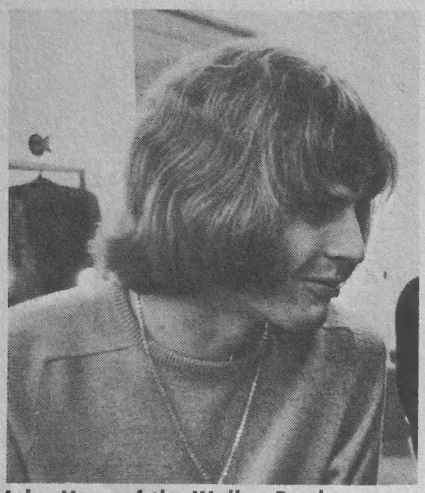
Another comment from Davy suddenly came into mind from a discussion we'd once had when we'd been talking about ambition, success . . . and war.

"People trying to conquer things only end up killing themselves," he said. "That's a pity. Me—I want to help them. I don't want to kill anybody . . . ever."

By Luke Samuals

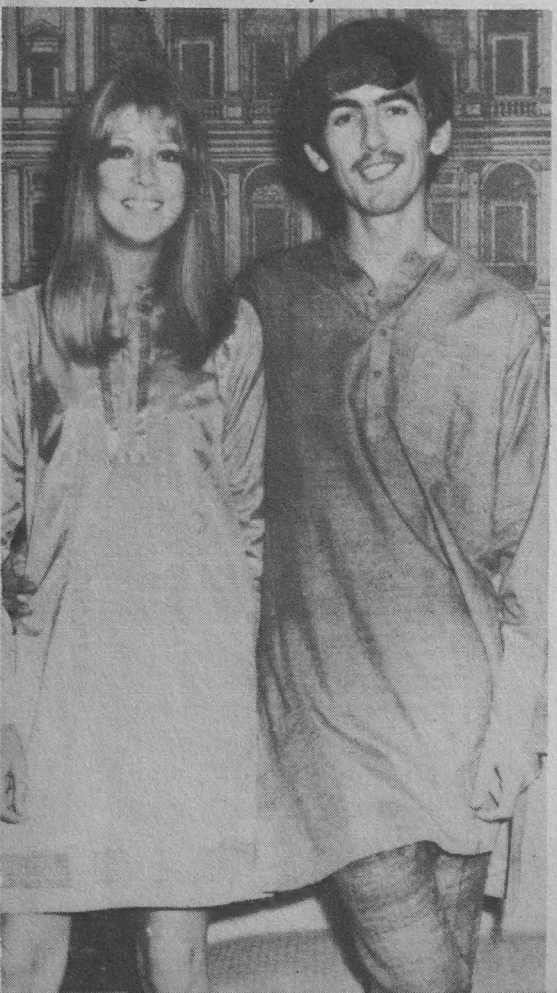
HOTLINE from LONDON

All the latest on the British pop scene from TL's TRUDY MORE.



John Maus of the Walker Brothers will be a father in September.

Patti and George Harrison have now got a retreat they can run to.



The PAUL and JANE rumours persist. Not matter that Jane is not in England. No matter that Paul is walking around at a different club every night. Those marriage rumours go on.

Just what is the situation? Well I have it from a very reliable source that as far as Paul's concerned, marriage is very much in the air. It's Jane, apparently, who wants to concentrate on a career and isn't too anxious to become a Mrs. BEATLE.

Certainly it's very odd. There's Paul ensconsed in a family house in St. John's Wood, London. The house is very big and has a large garden and would seem, to most minds, absolutely bought with marriage and family in mind. And Jane lent a big hand when it came to carpeting, curtaining and choosing the decorations for most of the rooms. Which leads everyone to think that one day soon she herself may be living in those rooms.

Still on the Beatles beat come news this month of Mrs. GEORGE HARRISON'S mother. Mrs. DIANE JONES is 42 years old, very pretty, much younger than her 42 years, and PATTI BOYD's mother. She has just bought an 18th century farmhouse in the peace of beautiful Devon. Near Tiverton and the sea, she lives with her cat and dog.

"I bought the house," she said. "Because I wanted a place of peace and quiet that Patti and George could come and stay in."

Patti and George are welcome weekend guests whenever they feel like getting away from it all.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL continues to go out with MICK JAGGER. They were last seen in public—very public, every national newspaper in England carried a photograph of them together—at the opening night of the ROLAND PETIT ballet **Paradise Lost** at Convent Garden Opera House. The couple—Marianne in velvet jacket trimmed with gold braid, her long hair flowing down her back, glittering full trousers round her legs, and Mick in sombrero hat and tightly waisted Spanish style jacket—arrived late and caused a sensation because the Royal Family had already been seated. Etiquette went to the wind that night!

Since then they've been to Germany and Tangiers together. They are utterly inseparable and utterly happy. Just now Marianne's working hard for her theatre debut—as one of the sisters in the famous Russian play by Chekhov, **Three Sisters.**

Everyone's very interested to see how she'll cope, because her secret ambition has been to act right from the beginning when ANDREW OLDHAM plucked her from convent life and threw her full face into the glare of pop life.

Congratulations in passing to DENNIS PAYTON of the DAVE CLARK FIVE. He married secretary LYN GRIFFITHS.

WALKER BROTHERS are in the news again. There are still persisting rumours that SCOTT will soon split from the other boys and go solo. So far nobody will confirm or deny this. My feeling is that as long as they continue to make money on tours—and they are the leading tour names in the country—they will stick together.

Obviously, on record they aren't as successful these days as they'd like to be. Scott explains it thus:

"I'm afraid the British public knows exactly what to expect on a new single from us. They know exactly where JOHN's coming in and where the strings are coming in. That's why they get fed up."

Meanwhile John Maus announced the good news that his wife CATHY is expecting their first baby this September. Cathy

phoned John to tell him about the event when the group were touring Hong Kong. John said he was: "Absolutely delighted."

Cathy may have the baby in America where her family still live. She still hasn't made up her mind.

Whatever happens John is going to be prepared. At the moment he's looking for a new house outside London. A family house for Cathy to come home to.

Talking about splitting from groups, bad news. STEVIE WINWOOD—the leading light and vocal inspiration behind the SPENCER DAVIS GROUP has decided to quit.

Stevie is just 19 and is highly thought of amongst top musicians the world over. He has been with the group for two years with his elder brother MUFF on guitar.

He and Spencer have decided to separate because they have decided they are on different music scenes. Because Stevie is quitting, Muff, who originally only joined the group because his parents insisted he look after Stevie, will also quit. But Muff is to quit the business altogether. He plans to get married and settle down.

Stevie plans to form his own group and in six months time start making public appearances.

It seems a shame. However hard they try, Spencer, and drummer PETE YORK are going to have a hard time finding a replacement with Stevie's talent—although certainly they haven't been having a hard time finding someone—offers have been flooding in. Especially sad because the group seem finally to be getting recognized in America. Still that's show business, or something!

BRIAN JONES and blonde German model ANITA PALLENBURG continue to fraternize. In fact it's very serious indeed—and that's been going on for well over a year now.

Latest news is that Brian has written all the soundtrack for a special short feature film to star Anita. He has completed tracks in London.

Talking about dating, MONKEE MICKY DOLENZ saw lots, lots and lots of long haired swinging model SAMANTHA JUSTE while he was in Britain last.

"Sammy," as she is known to friends, met Micky when the Monkees appeared on British TV program Top Of The Pops. **Sammy is on every week putting on records, and her pretty face immediately caught Micky's eye.**

After that they were everywhere together during his two week visit. When questioned about each other, they just smiled and said the usual: "good friends" bit.

But from where I sit it's much, much, more than that.

Sad news for HOLLIES' fans is the serious illness of drummer BOBBY ELLIOTT. He has been banned from work by doctors for the next four months at least.

Bobby was taken suddenly ill when the Hollies were touring Germany. Doctors rushed him to the hospital fearing he may have been a victim of a local typhoid epidemic. It turned out to be a complicated internal trouble. Bobby was on the danger list in the Hamburg hospital for two weeks. The group stayed with him in shifts and then finally flew back to London when Bobby's parents could get away from work and fly to their son's bedside.

Apparently GRAHAM NASH was so upset, he was talking of quitting if Bobby didn't improve.

Anyway, two weeks later Bobby was flown back to Manchester with a promise that if he rested he would be able to rejoin the group the next month.

Unfortunately Bobby got a bit too enthusiastic and had a relapse and was forbidden by doctors to rejoin the group for six months.

The rest of the group are battling on without Bob but with a replacement—TONY NEWMAN, the drummer who used to be with SOUNDS INCORPORATED, and very well thought of at that. He will tour Scandinavia, the Continent and America with the group this year, whilst Bobby recuperates.

To end with—news on THE MOVE. Remember me telling you about them in one of the earlier columns? Well this group have really progressed since then.

If plans go through—and it looks pretty definite—they will be recording in New York soon. Their recording manager, DENNY CORDELL—a magnificent gentleman with an evil looking moustache — has booked U.S. studios for an LP session. Apparently, there's an American sound British studios just can't get.

Recording manager Denny Cordell plans to record The Move in New York.

Denny Payton, of the Dave Clark Five, married secretary Lyn Griffiths.

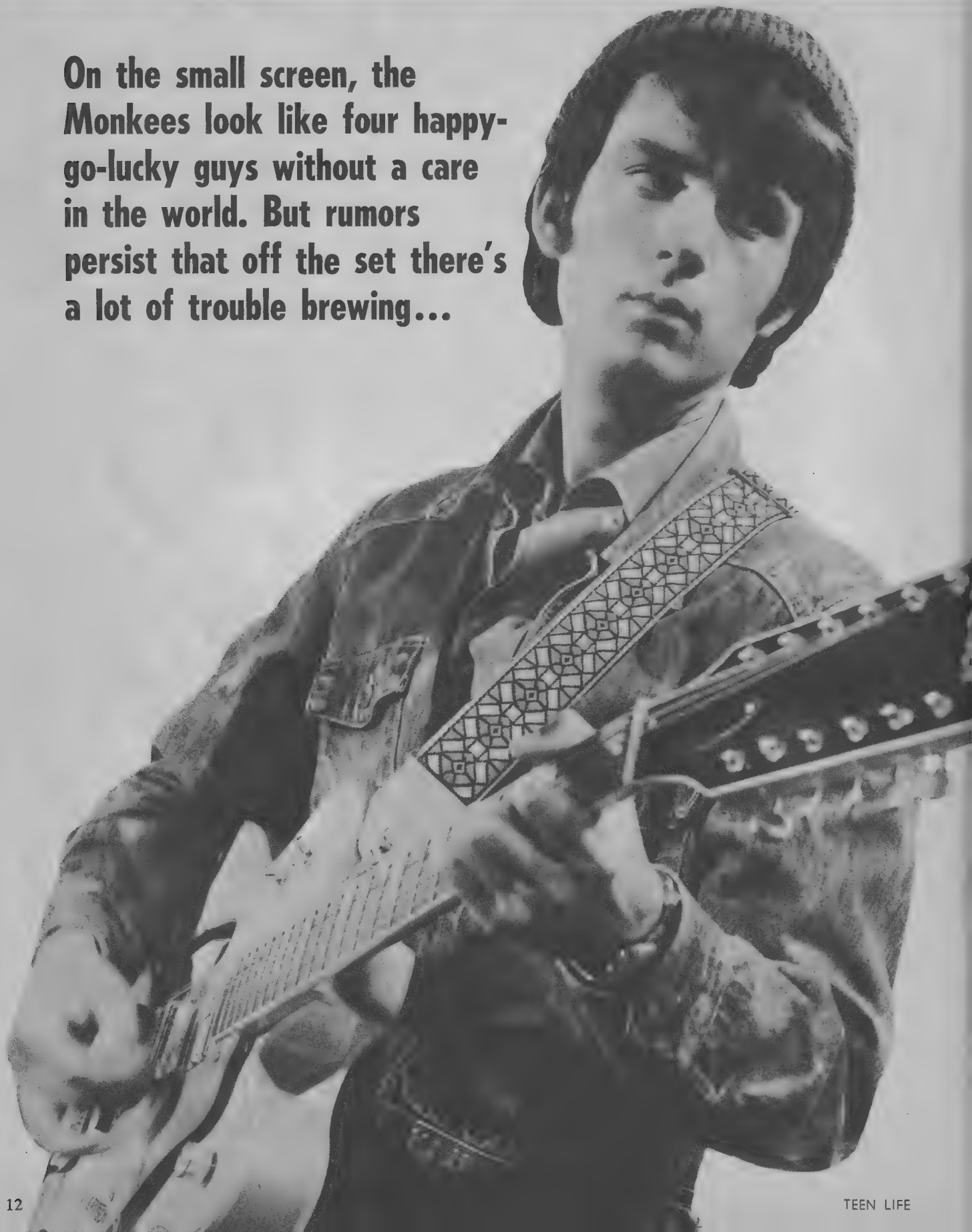
CHRISSIE SHRIMPTON—ex-girl friend of Mick Jagger—is now an ex-girl friend again. This time it's STEVE MARIOTT, pixie-ish lead singer of top group, THE SMALL FACES. That broke up after a fairly hectic couple of months.

"We were just friends really," said Chrissie, "And I hope we still are."

Nice thought!

THE DECISION THAT COULD

On the small screen, the Monkees look like four happy-go-lucky guys without a care in the world. But rumors persist that off the set there's a lot of trouble brewing...



FINISH THE MONKEES!

WHY MIKE NESMITH THREATENED TO QUIT!

A sight very few people ever get to see. The Monkees at a recording session.

RUMORS that the Monkees will not be together for another television season have been flying fast and furious around Hollywood.

It has been said that there is so much dissension among the boys that they would rather give up the whole thing than to work together for another year.

Questions are being asked, but left un-answered:

Is it true that the other Monkees are jealous over Davy Jones' popularity with the fans and the fact that he is always given the best parts on their shows?

Why did Mike Nesmith threaten to leave the group, and how did his threat cause Don Kirshner, president of Colgems Records, and the man who conceived the idea for the Monkees, to resign?

Why was Davy the only Monkee who showed up at this years' annual Grammy Awards, which is the music industry's equivalent to the Academy Awards?

Why don't the Monkees ever hang out together like other groups, such as the Beatles and The Rolling Stones do?

Why have the Monkees recording sessions suddenly been closed to all visitors and members of the press?

Has success really gone to their heads to the point that they are rude and obnoxious to their fans and even their old friends?

To find the answers to these, and other questions Teen Life sought out people behind the scenes who have known and worked with the Monkees since the group's inception.

We have sorted fact from fiction and the following is our exclusive report on the truth behind the rumors.

But first, in order to understand the problems the Monkees face today, we must go back to a year ago when the group was just an idea in the minds of two men: Don Kirshner, head of Colgems, and Bert Schneider of Screen Gems Television.

Both these companies are subsidiaries of Columbia Pictures and success in any one direction means success for all concerned. Donny and Bert had the idea that if they could put together a group for a zany television series after the pattern of The Beatles' movies, and simultaneously make the group a success on records while controlling the publishing of any songs used, they would make tremendous profits for the company.

They set out to find the four boys by placing an add in Variety, a show business trade magazine. Out of the hundreds of applicants that answered they picked Davy Jones, a young actor who had been successful on Broadway in Oliver; Mike Nesmith, a country-western singer who had *(Please turn to page 53)*

THE BEATLES:

BEFORE

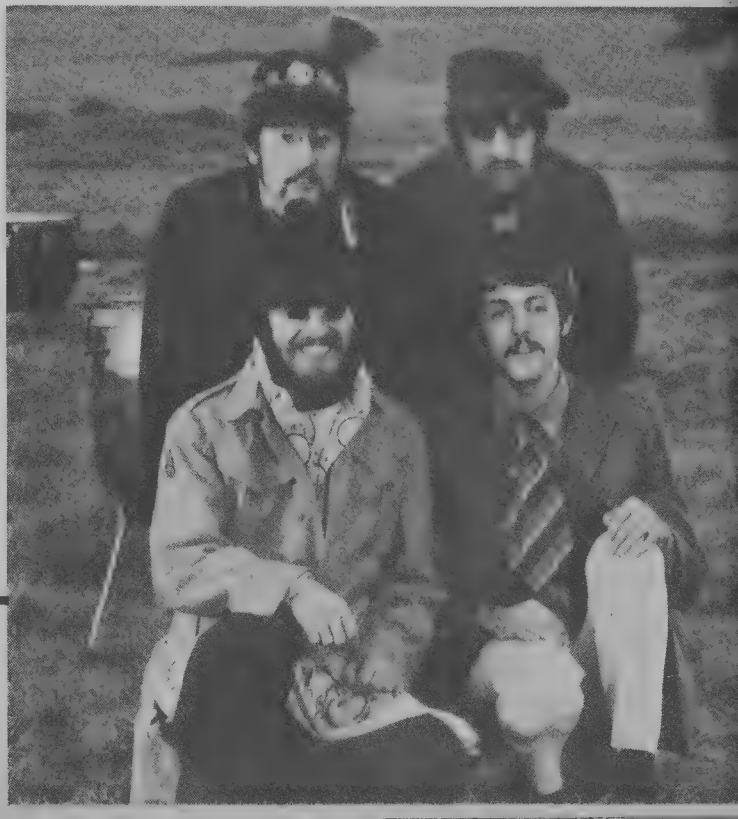
Before they were Beatles, John, George, Paul and drummer Pete Best called themselves the Quarreymen and played for a few dollars a night at the Cavern.

DURING

After Ringo joined them they changed their name to the Beatles and started a whole new thing with their long hair. Their success story is now history.

AFTER

Now they are enjoying semi-retirement, and we wonder what will come next. They changed the world of pop music and now they themselves have changed. . . .



BEFORE BEATLES:

Before the explosion in 1962 which changed the whole face of pop music, what was there? Nothing but a race of swivelhipped wonders, encased in gold lame, leaning on their guitars as crutches while their managers explained to the Popular Press that each Marlon Twist in turn was as normal a boy as any other ex-plumber's mate who had suddenly found himself in a high tax bracket.

Before Beatles, it was a matter for debate whether a pop star had a mind. Hence the resounding shock when four boys from Liverpool proved capable not only of playing their instruments efficiently and writing their own songs, but also of thinking and speaking intelligently.

They began by shattering every conventional cliche in the book: "How to behave like a pop star," then proceeded to smash every success story in the annals of show business.

Shortly after they began commandeering the first five positions in the music charts in England, other British singing groups began their invasion of America. Through this crack made in the beat barrier scuttled the Dave Clark Five, the Rolling Stones and Herman's Hermits—but it was the Beatles who first made the opening.

The British press became pop-conscious. They realized that this was not just a new dance but a new music reflecting the ideas, thoughts and mood of the younger generation. The boom was booming.

DURING BEATLES:

In the forefront of the phenomenon is a two-headed monster known internationally as Lennon-McCartney—a kind of two-man hit-making machine. At the issue of every new Beatles album, there is now the sound of galloping agents trampling all over one another in frenzied *(Please turn to page 50)*

A wayout scene from a promotion film the Beatles did for Strawberry Fields.

Wonder what Julian Lennon and Zak Starkey think of their fathers' new look!

With cap and military coat, Ringo could have just stepped out of a history book.

If you think this is a shot of Orville Wright, you're wrong! It's John.

Paul: romantic hero or bad guy?

PETER TORK:

"I'M GOING INTO POLITICS"

Peter Tork is a very determined young man. He says what he feels, and when he makes up his mind to do something —he does it.

THE world may not be ready for this announcement. There is going to be a Monkee in politics.

Partisans of both parties have been saying for years, of course, that this is not unusual in the opposition movement. But they are speaking, however bitterly, only in a figurative sense. We are not.

For, in a recent conversation with our reporter, Peter Tork, the most articulate member of The Monkees, indicated that his future was destined to be the political arena, rather than the entertainment spotlight.

"I need to communicate," Peter told us candidly, "and while that means entertainment now, it probably means politics later on.

"You see," Peter said earnestly, leaning forward in his eagerness to make his point, "I have a missionary view about a lot of things going on that I think I might help them fix."

Then, self-consciously, Peter made a deprecating gesture, as if to excuse his serious outburst. But he **was** serious; completely so. There was no mistaking that.

Such an attitude should not be surprising, coming from this young man. For his family background is such as to encourage it. Also to encourage Peter's way with words, by his

own admission.

"I'm as articulate as they come, short of being a college professor," Peter laughed, "and maybe that's because my father is a college professor. Goes along with my mother's work, too, for that matter.

"Why I remember my mother getting her Master's Degree when she was pregnant with my baby sister, who's nearly twelve years old now," Peter recalled joyfully. "I saw Mother stand up and get that degree. It was a kick."

Peter's father, H. J. Torkelson is, indeed, associate professor of Economics at the University of Connecticut. "But he's on leave this year," Peter told us, "teaching in Saskachawan. And my brother Nick, who is twenty-one, is there, too, teaching English and getting his Master's."

But the academic life palled early for Peter. Oh, he tried. He attended Carleton College in Minnesota, with the idea of becoming a teacher himself. But he saw that the academic life really was not for him, so he dropped out of school and headed for New York.

Nevertheless, despite presently being so far removed from the world of thoughtful opinion-making and formal government, Peter has never lost his desire to be a more active

(Please turn to page *58*)

WHY ELVIS CRIED ON HIS WEDDING DAY

MAY 1st, 1967. That was the day on which Elvis Presley broke a million girls' hearts and ended his reign as one of show business' most eligible bachelors. That was the day when El married his longtime sweetheart, beautiful Priscilla Beaulieu at a simple ceremony in Las Vegas.

For Elvis, it should have been the happiest day in his life. He was marrying the girl he loved and she looked radiant. But as he kissed his bride tenderly after placing the ring on her finger, there were tears in his heart. Tears for the other woman in his life. The woman whom he had loved deeply and for whom he would have given anything to have with him on this wonderful day in his life. His mother.

When Mrs. Vernon Presley died in August, 1958, at the age of 42, it broke El's heart. He had adored her and they were as close and devoted to each other as any mother and son could possibly be.

The Presleys were not well-off financially, in fact during their only son's childhood they often had difficulty in making ends meet. But what they lacked financially they more than made up in love. However hard they had to struggle, they made sure that Elvis never wanted anything. Their son's happiness was all that mattered—Mrs. Presley even hoarded pennies and nickles out of the house money to buy El little presents. El knew the sacrifices his mother made—and he loved her even more because of it.

At Mrs. Presley's funeral in Memphis, Tenn., Elvis collapsed and sobbed: "Oh God, everything I have is gone." It took him years to recover from this shock.

Now, passing time has helped ease his pain and Elvis has found himself able to love another woman. But even Priscilla cannot help him forget his mothers' memory. She doesn't want to. She knew how her husband felt on their wedding day and she too wished Mrs. Presley could have been there. She would have been so happy for them. . . . •

A TL SCOOPADOO!

HERMAN by HERMAN

In his own monthly column, our Herman spills the beans about his wild, wild life! Ha!

IT'S a funny thing, being in Show Business. The questions people ask you! Complete strangers come up to you at parties or press receptions (gossip columnists, record reviewers, reporters) and say things like: "Are you extravagant?", "What's your favorite food?", or, "Are you superstitious?"

Imagine them asking their grocer. Or their bank manager! And imagine what the grocer and bank manager would say!

I remember being at a film preview when a reporter went up to Otto Preminger, the great director, and said: "People say you're an untidy man; is it true?" Otto was flabbergasted. But polite!

I thought of this when a guy asked me the other day: "What's the difference between American and European audiences?" How do you answer that? In a hurry, too; because they're always having to dash away and write their stories! How can you remind them of the size *of the United States; of the differences there are between people living in, say, Boston and Baltimore?*

This photo was taken just before a performance. Really, I'm not nervous!

Come to that, how can you compare European audiences in Rome and London? All I could think of saying was that, compared with European audiences, the ones in America are SO BIG! We just don't have such colossal concert places—100,000 and more—as you do. And the terrifying thought occurs to me—supposing none of that 100,000 liked you! *There's* a nightmare to go to bed with!

Which brings me to another question I'm often asked: "Are you scared before a show?" And to this one I can answer immediately—and with perfect truth. "Always!"

Because before you go out on that stage and meet the people, you never *know exactly what to expect. All you're determined to do is give your best, do the best possible show you can. But there's always the little nagging doubt. Have you chosen the right numbers? In the right order? Can they hear you properly? Is the fact that you were travelling all the previous night going to make any difference? All sorts of things.*

Luckily, I find, nearly every artist I've ever met feels the same way, even the biggest names, who've been around for years. That little lump of panic that hits you half-way down your chest. And it was an old-established "pro" who cheered me up when he told me:

"The time to worry is when you *don't* feel scared. When you start to take the audience for granted. When you don't care. Because then you're going to do a lousy show—and they're going to know it!"

Fortunately, we learned to be able to "feel" the mood of an audience almost as soon as we start. And we can adapt the show to suit them—or at least try to! But—boy, am I scared just before we walk on!

Another question people ask me is: "How did you manage to get so many names?" Did you know that? Four names—before we ever come to Noone. Peter Blair Denis Bernard Noone. How's that for a signature? And the reason?

Well, Peter was the one my mother and father first picked. But my mother wanted the name Blair, too, because that's her maiden name and you can also use it for a first name.

Then when I got confirmed as a Catholic at 11, I was given the name Denis, which is my dad's name. And then my mother said she wanted Bernard, which is my brother-in-law's name. And so it mounted up, till there it is. P.B.D.B.Noone! And it's great. I love that name. (But I think it'll have to stop there!)

Herman? Well, that's really a mistake. Yes! The thing is, when I joined my first group, the Heartbeats, I reminded someone of a character in the "Bullwinkle" TV show called *Sherman*. But they got it wrong and called me *Herman*. Simple as that.

And talking of the Hermits, I was being interviewed for a television show the other day and a guy said: "What does the group quarrel about mostly?" Mostly! *Like we were all the time at each other's throats! When the fact is that—believe it or not!—in spite of being thrown together for weeks at a stretch, miles from home and probably knowing nobody in the various towns we play, we get on amazingly well.*

But yes—there *is* one thing we go on about. Unpunctuality. If anybody's late turning up for the coach or the 'plane, or in the dressing-room before a show, that throws us all in a panic. Be-

(Please turn to page 52)

Micky Dolenz Confesses:

HIS HEART BELONGS TO ANN-MARGRET!

"For her I'd climb the highest mountain and swim the deepest ocean. i'd even put on a dinner jacket and one of those black ties for Annie!"

TARZAN and the Apes may be one of the minor classics of American mythdom. And that stretches the imagination pretty far.

But a Monkee and Ann-Margret? That boggles the imagination.

Yet, insists Monkee Micky Dolenz, we'd just better get ready for it. Because that is just exactly what he has in mind.

"I first saw Ann-Margret through the window of her pink Cadillac," Micky says insistently, "and nothing has ever been the same since."

Pressed further, Micky told us that this first sighting of the luscious, long-legged Annie took place at Columbia Studios, parent company of Screen Gems which films **The Monkees**. Annie was on the lot making a picture, and it just happened that Micky was near the studio gate one morning when the beauteous star drove onto the lot.

"Zowie," Micky exclaimed. "What a cool, cool doll."

Then, with a cheerful nod toward insanity, he added, "Stacked all the way to her toes."

Despite the fact that, in the big car, Ann-Margret wasn't visible much below the shoulder line. None of which bothered Micky at all when this was pointed out to him.

"I care not," he stubbornly insisted, "I could just **tell.** And you see," he added triumphantly, "I was right."

Sure, he was. As every moviegoer could tell him.

Not that pretty Annie was the first star Micky Dolenz ever saw. Far from it. His father, George Dolenz, was a well-known Hollywood actor. Micky grew up around the motion picture industry—and all its glamour girls.

But, at the time, Micky paid little attention. He

(Please turn to page 54)

Beautiful Ann-Margret as she appears in her new Paramount film, The Swinger

WHY HARPO, FANG and SMITTY *Really* LEFT PAUL REVERE

After months of break-up gossip, three Raiders have quit. Why? What's happening...?

Fang, Harpo and Smitty have all decided on new careers. We wish them luck.

Here's Paul with new Raider Freddy Weller who replaces Harpo.

Who will be the two new Raiders? Paul, Smitty and new Rebel Raider, Freddy, can't say...

WHEN Jim "Harpo" Valley, Mike "Smitty" Smith and Phil "Fang" Volk announced that they were quitting Paul Revere and The Raiders, a lot of gossips claimed that the news came as no surprise. Wagging tongues whispered that they had been unhappy for a long time. That they fought with Paul over the group's policy. That they didn't agree on the songs they recorded. That there was a personality conflict. And that wasn't all...

When a few of these rumors got back to Harpo he was not only angry, but very upset.

"Look, I want to put the record straight," he told us. "These stories are completely untrue. PLEASE make sure that everyone understands that my separation from the Raiders was completely amicable, and that we are still the closest of friends. I loved every minute of working with them. It was a great year... I learned so very much and made so many wonderful friends, but then I felt that the time had come for me to go out on my own."

Harpo then explained why he REALLY left the Raiders.

"In the past I had occasionally thought of doing my own thing... and somehow the event of my 22nd birthday on March 13, plus a series of other serendipitious events, sort of sparked the whole move off. Though I dig the Raiders' sound, my own compositions and style are in a different sphere."

To cite an example, the name of Harpo's new music publishing company is Gentle Mind. The tunes he writes are more in the ethereal vein than (*Please turn to page 59*)

THE END of PETER and GORDON

Peter talks about their split...

IT came as a shock to thousands of fans, when Peter and Gordon announced they were spliting.

But people in on the pop grapevine were not so terribly shaken at the news. Rumors had been circulating for months that the boys were not getting along—and hadn't been for some time. Some said that the team had strong personal conflicts, including disagreements about the type of material they would record.

It was even rumored that Peter and Gordon bickered and fought constantly.

When we spoke to Peter, he was reluctant to discuss the split. "Gordon and I have been living out of suitcases for years," he told us. "No sooner were we in one place than it was time to pack and catch a plane again. Of course, we love to meet and see our fans, but the constant traveling began to get to us and we found ourselves arguing. Not because we don't like each other, but we found ourselves so often overtired."

And the two individuals, like the Beatles before them, found they wanted to explore their personal potentialities.

Gordon's exit from the team started with his first solo recording. He also plans to try his wings as a movie actor.

Peter looks forward to spending more time behind the counters of his two shops in London—his bookshop on Southampton Row, and his art gallery in Mason's Yard in the heart of London near the Scotch of St. James Club. John Dunbar, Marianne Faithfull's estranged husband, is now tending to the art gallery.

Peter is also interested in pursuing his hobby of photography and trying his hand at song-writing.

Of course, the boys know they would be foolish to turn down all of the lucrative concert appearance offers they get. So, on special occasions, Peter and Gordon *will* appear together. And they will also record together.

But their merry-go-round of three years duration has now ended.

FABIAN Speaks Out:

"It's The Little

Girls I Worry About"

In this outspoken interview, Fabian frankly reveals his views on teenage sex and morals.

"IT's the LITTLE girls I worry about," said Fabian softly. "The teeners . . . the young ones who think they're ready for life. They're not! They're so vulnerable. I've seen what can happen to some of these thirteen and fourteen year old kids sometimes . . ." He shook his head thoughtfully. "They're just too young. I . . . I really worry about them."

If you've been thinking of Fabian as a boy—a teenage charmer not quite grown up enough for adult participation in life—you can forget all about that stereotype. This Fabian is a man! An intense, aware, fully committed man who has strong views on the kind of moral behavior permeating our society today. This Fabian has courage—the tremendous kind of courage it takes to speak out on moral issues, and take a rock hard stand midst the shifting, varying, permissive attitudes so prevalent today.

Cheating? He's against it No fence straddling, no *(Please turn to page 62)*

Fabian with his beautiful wife Katie whom he married last year.

FASHION WRITE

LEVINO VERNA

Here it is! YOUR own fashion column. Famed designer Levino Verna will discuss current trends, forecast fashions & answer your questions! Fashion-Write: fashion-bright!

HI there!

Summertime's here, and TL teens write me that this is the time for change!

This summer you can experiment with many of the new styles that perhaps didn't go with boots 'n' overcoat weather.

For instance, dresses with shorter hemlines are a natural for balmy days; the pant-dress is a comfortable, pace-setting style; and bikinis are the *way to be natural under the sun. Even teeny-bikinis are here to stay! Two-piece suits with hip-line briefs are the zingy in-between for girls who'd feel uncomfortable in a real bikini.*

In every case, a soft, gentle femininity and naturalness are your keys to new summer fashions.

DEAR LEVINO: *I wear eyeglasses, and I really hate them. But if I take them off, I lose sight of everything! Contact lenses are too expensive for me right now, but I need sunglasses. What styles should I look for so I'll feel better about glasses?—Glassy.*

Fret no more. Eyeglass frames have reached new fashion heights. Especially elegant are the oversized, round or square-shaped frames. They've got, "I'm-a-big-girl-now!" written all over them. Also, find mod-style frames with large enough lens room for eye comfort.

Always avoid razzle-dazzle around the eyes. Bright colors, really thick frames, or gold, silver and "jewelry" are not **good for you if you want people to look** into **your eyes.**

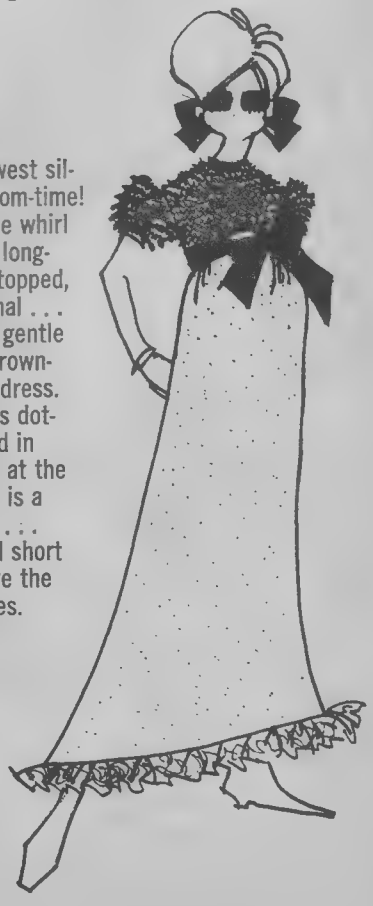
DEAR LEVINO: *My wardrobe is really messed up. I'm seventeen, go out a lot, and go to school. So I need a lot of different kinds of clothes.*

The trouble is, everything I own looks just like everyone elses. I bought things on impulse just before dates that I really can't look at now. I never have anything to wear that I like.

How do I get my wardrobe together with $100. I saved? I really need **(Please turn to page 64)**

Special!

TEEN-SETTERS' PROM PREVIEW



The world's newest silhouettes for Prom-time! Above, catch the whirl of dancing in a long-sleeved, sheer-topped, long A-line formal . . . . . Right, be a gentle little girl in a grown-up Christening dress. The long skirt is dotted Swiss edged in lace. More lace at the top. The smash is a big velvet bow. . . . Little heels and short white gloves are the fab final touches.

A LETTER FROM G. I. JOHNNY

Johnny Crawford takes time out to write for you, and tells us all about his adventures with Uncle Sam.

Guess I should be taken out and hung for not writing to you like I'd promised. When you come right down to it, I'm just about the lowest, no good, inconsistent correspondent in the whole U.S. Armed Forces. Why, do you realize the terrible shape this country would be in if my letter writin' habits were to catch on and suddenly become typical of all servicemen? The Post Office would probably go bankrupt; airline stock would drop; jobless mailmen would be wandering aimlessly all over the nation; paper mills would shut down (increasing the number of forest fires, since there would be more forests around to catch on fire), and the number of "John's" in the service would increase tremendously. After considering these results and not wishing to provoke a national disaster, I decided it was in the best interests of my country to devote a few minutes in preparing this meal for the mailbox! If that mailbox doesn't develop indigestion, you'll most likely receive it! Hold your breath. (If you think this is bad, wait 'till you read the rest of the letter!)

Since I last wrote to you, Uncle Sam's had me chasin' all over this country for him. I've been to Fort Story, Va.; a Nike Site in Bristol, R.I.; Fort Bliss, Texas (where I took basic); Fort Jackson, S.C.; Fort Gordon, Ga.; Fort Campbell, Ky.; Fort Eustis, Va. I've just returned to the Army Pictorial Center from Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C., where I was working as assistant director and script supervisor on an Army medical training film. You can bet that while I was in D.C. I didn't miss any opportunity to familiarize myself with Congressional proceedings. After all, in about 200 days my present contract runs out, and, nowadays, an actor never knows where the next job is coming from. Of course you understand, "I have made no plans toward running for a political office." Frankly, I don't think I have the wind those kind of races seem to require. Talking about acting, in all the Army training films I've worked on I've only been as actor twice. That's because the performances in our exciting films usually come from nuts and bolts, and I've had relatively little experience in such roles except

Johnny is assistant Army Pictorial Center film crew director, and here he sets up a scene for a training film being shot at Fort Bliss.

(Please turn to page 56)

Jilted: Can I Forget?

Bobby jilted Karyn. Confused and hurt, her life dimmed in pain, Karyn wept and told her story to Jackie De Shannon...

IT was, worst of all, a sunny day. The air was filled with the sweet, heavy odors of late spring, and it would have been very pleasing to just have lazily relaxed in the soft air. But my attention was fixed to the fragile blonde-haired girl sitting before me. She was overwhelmed with misery. And, seeing her pain, it was impossible for me to be even remotely happy. When she finally raised her head, her blue eyes filled with tears, I thought her unhappiness was years old.

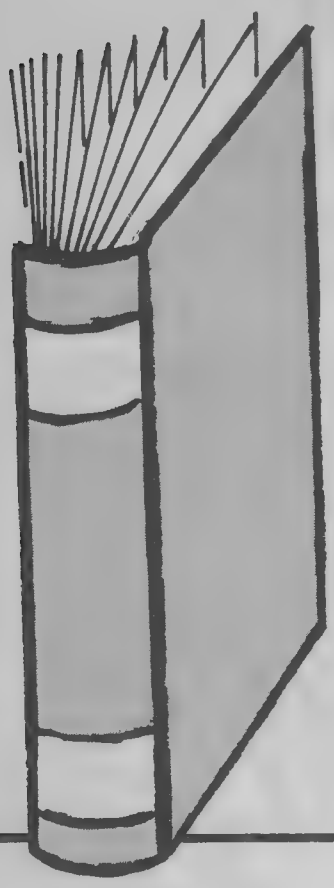
"I was so alone before I met him, I didn't know I could ever feel *more* alone! I can't think anymore . . . can't eat or sleep . . . I ask myself over and over—why? Why did he leave me?" And again her tears fell unnoticed down her face to the young grass at her feet.

Karyn and Bobby had broken up only a week ago. Bobby had phoned her one evening and tried to tell her he was too young to get deeply involved. It was just after dinner-time when she hung up the phone, and from that time to this she had quietly borne her pain. She kept her secret up until today. And now the dam of pent-up pain was bursting. She was hoping that somehow I could help . . .

"You see, it *is* another girl," Karyn said flatly. "I saw them together two days after we broke up." She tried painfully to keep control, but her hands twisted and snarled the tissue I'd given her. "But he is young, Karyn."

"Don't tell me that, too!" she shot back. "He was my life. I'd made plans for just the two of us . . . every place we went together reminds me of him. What do I do about that?" "First," I said, "cry your eyes out as

(Please turn to page 57)



GARY'S SECRET DIARY

Gary tells all about how he first met Jinky, and how nervous he was when he met her parents!

by PVT. GARY LEWIS

THURSDAY NIGHT—I sure am tired, but I thought of you. I didn't even tell you about the wedding! I mean, last month I was so busy writing about basic and the guys I'll always remember who trained with me, that I didn't tell you that my wedding day was the most wonderful day in my life.

Wonderful, most of all, because of Jinky. When I tell you she looked radiant and lovely in her wedding gown, I mean it. The wedding was small—only 200 guests—as it was Lent. We were married by the parish priest.

Then there was the reception at my house with a cold buffet and champagne. And, of course, a huge wedding cake.

That cake was something else, too. I never realized what a flap I was going to cause when I asked Mom if it couldn't be chocolate because chocolate is my favorite. Mom said she'd never heard of doing that but would ask the bakery. The baker had a fit, but they finally worked out a compromise and the cake was all traditionally white, except for one chocolate layer—the layer Jinky and I had.

Jinky and I are still in our little apartment. And I feel kind of like we're in another world. I mean, two people don't deserve to be so happy and peaceful. But that whole week before the wedding was pretty tense and nervous.

I had a real case of nerves waiting to meet Jinky's parents for the first time. I never did meet them when I was in Manila because I was there at the time entertaining the troops and security regulations were so tight that I couldn't even get off the base myself to go to Jinky's house. It's lucky she happened to visit the base with her sister or I wouldn't have even met Jinky.

Jinky and I really ran to our car after the small reception. Through rice!

I'll always love this picture. Jinky posed in her wedding dress just before we wed.

But I'm getting along great with my in-laws. They're wonderful people. So many people have warned us about in-law trouble—you know those jokes about in-laws being worse than outlaws—but it hasn't happened to us. My folks treat Jinky like she's their daughter and her folks treat me like a son. I'll never forget, though, how nervous I was the first time I met them. Even nervous about them meeting my parents.

It was the week before the wedding and the Suzaras were flying in from Manila. There I was, stuck up in Fort Ord, with Jinky and my folks going down to the airport for the big introduction scene. How would they get along? Would they like each other? Even after Jinky phoned the next day and told me all had gone fine I still had to worry about how her dad and mom would like me. As it turned out, I didn't have a thing to worry about. Everything went great. They're as marvelous as I really knew in my heart all the time they'd be. It was like we were old friends and that they had known me for years. Such great people. . . .

ALMOST DINNERTIME, MONDAY—Did I tell you that Jinky is quite a cook? If I didn't, here's the word. Even with all that toughening-up in basic, I may gain weight from her great cooking. I mean, I look forward to the end of the day so I can see Jinky, but her cooking is something to look forward to anyway!

Who knows how long I'll be stationed here at Fort Ord. I'm in advanced training now for four weeks, learning typing and how to be a clerk. Then I get two weeks off—for good behavior?—and Jinky and I take off for a honeymoon in Hawaii. It's funny, ever since I was a little boy I wanted to go to Las Vegas on a honeymoon. The folks would take me there when I was little and it used to bug me that I could never get into the *(Please turn to page 60)*

Dave
Clark
Five

SOUNDSATIONAL SCENE

SPOTLIGHTING TODAY'S HAPPENING PEOPLE

THE BUCKINGHAMS

After KIND OF A DRAG there was kind of a lag—for fans wanting to see the five from Chicago who sang the hit. So THE BUCKINGHAMS went on a national tour that covered thirty states in two months! Now on the Columbia label, the boys—JON JON PAULOS, NICK FORTUNE, MARTIN GREBB, DENNIS TUFANO and CARL GIAMMARESE—hope to hit the road again soon to see more of their fans!

THE CRITTERS

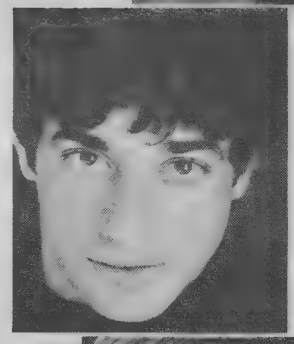
THE CRITTERS is a group that likes to stay in harmony. All of the boys are from New Jersey (except ROBERT SPINELLA who was Brooklyn-born). They are all funny, outgoing and happy to be together as a group, although they have very individual tastes. They say their singing, touring life has been full of "hang-ups," but you wouldn't believe it from their smiles! CHRIS DARWAY likes to build TR 4's in his spare time. KENNY GORKA, JEFF PELOSI, and JAMES RYAN watch him, they say.

THE ROYAL GUARDSMEN

Still in school, and all under twenty-one, THE ROYAL GUARDSMEN are making an early start on singing success. Lead singer MARVIN (CHRIS) NUNLEY goes to the U. of Florida. The rest of the group also make Florida their home base. Naturally, they all like water sports, and swimming is listed as their number 1 sport. BARRY DEAN WINSLOW, OLIN THOMAS RICHARDS III, WILLIAM JENNINGS BALOGH, WILLIAM EDWARD TAYLOR and FRANCIS JOHN BURDETT make the line-up of a group to watch out for!

THE DOORS

"We are from the West. The world we suggest should be of a new Wild West." JIM MORRISON says this when he explains the sound of THE DOORS. Jim, JOHN DENSMORE, ROBBY KRIEGER and RAY MANZAREK are all from Los Angeles; their music and singing is poetry of a very fierce kind. They have played in Hollywood's Whiskey A Go Go and at Ondine in New York to audiences that are either confused by them, or love them. Their sound is hard, electric and genuine. They're from the West, and they ARE wild.



HARPER'S BIZARRE

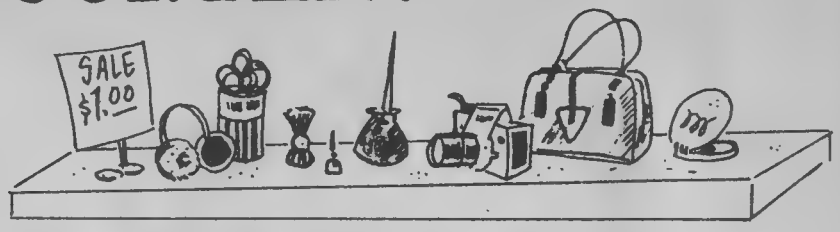
TED TEMPLEMAN, DICKIE SCOPPETONE, EDDIE JAMES, JOHN PETERSON and DICK YOUNT are the fab five making up HARPER'S BIZARRE. Their "59th Street Song" was about New York, yet they are all from San Francisco. Very individual people, they like and respect each other, and can cooperate with each other on different kinds of music easily. They all agree that FRANK SINATRA is their fave singer, and that people who get wrapped up in themselves are "bad news." Only three years going, the group has a solid musical background and should be around for a long, long time.

THE WOOLIES

THE WOOLIES are four boys from Michigan who love kids, especially their fans. Three of them—BILL, BOB and STORMY—are Michigan State U. students. JEFF is still in high school! Along with their studies, THE WOOLIES have managed to play in most of the top pop clubs and concerts, but they refuse to play anywhere that serves drinks! You see, the boys want to always play to young people. And since young people (including their fans) are not allowed into bars and cabarets, the boys refuse all of these offers. Recording on the Dunhill label, they play "honest" rock.

YOUR $1.00 BARGAIN DAY VARIETY COUNTER!

$uper-delicious $tuff on everything from your pet $uper$tition$ to beauty tip$ to handy hou$ehold hint$ to a gala variety of goodie$. TL will $end you $1.00 for every BARGAIN DAY item publi$hed. TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 3585 Grand Central $tation, New York, N.Y. 10017.



by TEEN LIFE READERS

Got a new $uede jacket? If $o, here are $ome hint$ for taking care of it and keeping it in good $hape which were $ent in by CAROL CLAYTON of Baltimore, Md.
1. Buy a $mall $quare or piece of foam rubber to bru$h off $urface $oil.
2. Never launder by hand or in a machine.
3. Don't $tore in a pla$tic bag.
4. Avoid wearing it in very bad weather condition$.
5. By u$ing a mild hand $oap, with a little water, other dirt can be removed.

$ $ $

Thi$ $uper$tition come$ from BONITA ARM$ of Newfoundland, Canada:
Having two fork$ or two knive$ at the $ame meal i$ bad luck.

$ $ $

Here'$ a fun way to $ave and keep healthy at the $ame time. The bright idea come$ from FRANCIE KORGDON of Cortland, Ohio:
For every $aturday morning that you $leep pa$t a $elected hour, take the number of hour$ you over$lept, time$ it by ten cent$, then put that amount in your bank. It'$ a good idea, becau$e who can re$i$t over$leeping! Thi$ al$o keep$ you healthy becau$e remember Ben Franklin'$ wi$e word$: "Early to bed and early to ri$e, make$ a man healthy, wealthy and wi$e."

$ $ $

I$ABEL BAN of Brooklyn, New York, de$erve$ $1.00 for thi$ hair tip:
Here'$ a way to $et your hair fa$t: Let your fre$hly wa$hed hair dry naturally, then $et it with hair $pray. $it under the dryer for 15-30 minute$. Your hair-do will la$t a$ long a$ any other and it will not get kinky or curly.

$ $ $

Thi$ $uper gift $ugge$tion come$ from LEE JOHN$ON of Re$eda, Calif.:
A nice gift i$ a gold toothpick cro$$. Thi$ i$ how you make it: Fir$t, you cut out a thick piece of card board into the $hape of a cro$$. The cro$$ $hould be about one inch wide and about $ix inche$ tall. Then cover it with glue and place the toothpick$ clo$ely together on the cro$$. When dry, $pray with gold paint.

$ $ $

From L.M. of Mattituck, Long I$land, come$ the$e two tip$:
Before you $have your leg$ u$e men'$ before-$having lotion. Thi$ will make your leg$ $oft and will leave a nice $mell.
Put perfume on eraer. Then when you era$e, your whole paper will $mell good.

$ $ $

Here'$ a good idea from DEE KIAEYCZYK of Tuille, Conn.:
Want to know how to make one of tho$e thick paper-mache bracelet$? Ju$t rip the paper in longer $trip$ and let it $oak longer. Then mold the bracelet. Try on for $ize before completely dry then $pray it and hand paint on decoration$.

$ $ $

GUINN $HADDON of Prague, Oklahoma, $ugge$t$ thi$ intere$ting hobby:
Make your$elf a $ong book. Fir$t of all, buy a 10 cent$ folder and decorate the front. Keep plenty of paper on hand and li$ten clo$ely to lyric$ of your fave ong. When you've got the word$, write them down and put them in the notebook. After you get $tarted it'$ load$ of fun. It'$ my hobby, and I luv it!

$ $ $

LINDA $ILVERMAN of Long Beach, Calif. get$ $1.00 for thi$:
When you go over a railroad track, touch $omething blue and you'll keep your boyfriend.

$ $ $

BY ALL MEAN$ KEEP $ENDING & $ENDING MORE & MORE ODD$ & END$ FOR YOUR BARGAIN DAY VARIETY COUNTER. THEY'RE $IMPLY FABULOU$!

KOOKY KAPTION KONTEST

WIN 50 ALBUM PRIZES

■ Here's your chance to win the latest album by the fabulous MAMAS AND PAPAS on the Dunhill label.

All you have to do for TL's kool kontest is think up a kooky kaption for Papa Denny. What do you think he's saying? You can katch a klue for your own kaption from this example.

"See? All my fans are OUTASIGHT!" Use your wildest imagination for YOUR krazy kaption.

Isn't that easy? Just fill in the korner koupon and tell us in 15 words or less what Papa Denny might be saying!

Get your entry off soon. You could be the winner of a fab album!

Address:
TEEN LIFE, KOOKY KONTEST
P.O. Box 3585
Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y. 10017

NAME: ..... AGE: .....

ADDRESS: .....

CITY: .....

STATE: ..... ZIP: .....

My kooky kaption for Denny is: ".....

.....

.....

.....

.....

....."

Contest closes July 15, 1967. No entries can be returned. The decision of the judges is final.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A NURSE

A student nurse (far left) spends many hours studying. Near left, girls belonging to a Future Nurses club learn hospital routine by volunteering to help out.

For service to others... for true responsibility... the choice for you could be the nursing profession.

PRACTICALLY everyone wanted to be a nurse at one time in their childhood. You probably can remember well the times you "played" nurse to a playmate's ailment, pretend or real.

"Medicine," bandages and a make-believe thermometer were your only equipment, then.

How different is the real thing!

Nurses handle the most complex of modern medical equipment. At the doctor's side, they assist him to give patients the medical care for which this country is world-famous.

There is variety in nursing. While the general ends are the same—care of the sick, rehabilitation of the handicapped, promotion of health and prevention of disease—there are many places where nurses can use their skills.

Many nurses are serving in hospitals and clinics, in health agencies (such as a cities' Department

Students learn much through actually working with patients. Left, a Registered Nurse teaches pediatrics.

Below, Future Nurses assist a patient. Left, a student nurse reads to a little patient. Nursing requires much gentleness and patience with people, but more and more nurses do desk-work. This nurse (right) may supervise or teach one day.

of Health) and schools. Industry, schools of nursing, private homes and doctors' offices or the armed services are other places that fit into nursing careers. Many nurses join international organizations so that they may help people in other lands.

The acute shortage of nurses practically guarantees employment. Many women go back to their nursing career after many years interruption. A good-paying job is always there.

Once trained as a nurse, you will be uniquely equipped for service to others. This training is invaluable.

There are four ways to become a nurse. To become a Registered Nurse (RN) three choices exist: an associate degree, which takes two years, the baccalaureate degree, which fits nursing training into the normal liberal arts program of a four-year college or university, and the diploma program of hospitals or schools of nursing, which takes three years. Training to become a practical nurse is a one-year program. Many, many scholarships are available.

Membership in a Future Nurses Club at your high school, a health careers club and volunteer work are some of the ways you can get familiar with nursing.

The National League for Nursing at 10 Columbus Circle, New York, N.Y. 10019, will send booklets describing modern nursing careers, scholarships available and information about F.N. Clubs.

It's not easy to become a nurse, but the rewards of your dedication are many times the investment. It won't be what you make that counts, but the inestimable value of giving an absolutely necessary service.

And giving is its own reward.

With It Beautiful Guys

Come with us to the Land of Wibbage and meet the wonderful deejays on swingin' WIBG Radio, Radio 99, Philadelphia.

JERRY STEVENS

No matter how dreary the day, Wibbage listeners can count on Jerry to start it off with a smile. Jerry opens the eyes and ears of the Delaware Valley each morning over the WIBG airwaves from 6 am to 10 am. And with his humor, charm and lovable personality, he practically charms his audience out of their sleep straight into their places of business!

BILL WRIGHT SR.

At 10 am, Monday thru Friday, Bill takes over at the mike and till 2 pm entertains the housewives with his lively program. A native of Alabama, Bill has been with WIBG as a DJ since 1963, and is very popular with the adult crowd. Bill and his family live in Rosemont, Pennsylvania.

JOE NIAGARA

Joe, warmly known by his listeners and fans as the "Rockin' Bird," flies daily, Monday thru Saturday, from 2 pm to 6 pm. A native "Wibbagelander," Joe was born and raised in South Philadelphia, and started his broadcasting career at the age of 18. When not on the air, Joe is actively engaged in community affairs.

HY LIT

Hy is the number one DJ in the Delaware Valley, and the ratings for his great evening show prove it! Handsome Hy was the 1st. Quarter-Final winner in TL's Most Handsome DJ In The World Contest. We, and all his fans, wish him luck in the Grand Finals.

FRANK X

Here's Frank X, Dean of WIBG's "Swingin' School" which is in session in classroom 99 every night from 10 pm to 2 am. X calls the class to order promptly, then proceeds on his fast-paced lesson on top tunes! Here's Frank with The Supremes.

ALLAN DEAN

Allan's the host of "the all night scene" and his swingin' show consists of popular discs and up-to-the-minute news bulletins. Allan came to WIBG in 1964, and since then has built up a huge listening audience. Allan and his wife, Mary make their home in Philadelphia.

PANTRY PIN-UPS

Want to know the fave recipes of the stars? Here's the page where you'll find 'em. Just cut it out and pin it up!

Dusty Springfield has fallen into a stew! Not really, of course. Dusty did discover a basic stew recipe that's easy to make at lunch-time for a super supper, though. With Dusty's busy schedule, this stew is her solution to never having time enough in her London home to spend hours over the stove.

Follow her recipe, and you'll be the hit of your family, too. And you don't have to say you fell in!

First, you should have soaked a handful or so of barley overnight. This is a basic ingredient, so don't forget!

Cut up 2½ pounds of lean stewing steak. Chuck meat will do. Dust the pieces lightly with flour, and a little salt and pepper.

Chop one pound of carrots into finger-size pieces. You'll also need three large onions, but these needn't be cut up, as they'll fall apart in cooking, anyway.

Ready? Stick everything into a casserole dish, adding salt and pepper to taste and a little water. Cover, and into the oven it goes. Cooking time is five hours in a low-temperature setting.

At the last minute add dumplings to the stew. An easy recipe is on the package of a popular all-purpose flour.

The resulting stew should be thick and super-tasty. But it wasn't always that way for Dusty! When she gave us her recipe she said, "In fact, when I lived with my mum and dad in Ealing and first started cooking this, it turned out nasty and grey and I threw it out from the window.

"Now it seems to work quite well! I only throw my cakes out. . . ."

Glamorous Dusty Springfield records on the Philips label.

TEENS TAKE OVER

This is truly YOUR page, so fill it with YOUR own stories, interviews, 'n art work. *Mail to: TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 3585, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017*

MY LIFE

My life
Is a stretch of time

Allotted to
Me and only me

And no-one
Can live my life for me.

That is why
I can only welcome opinions

When in
A great doubt of decisions,

For no-one
Can ascertain what I want.

If only
I could see me better

Maybe as
Other people view me

I'd know
Just as they know; what I've gained

So far
In a world not completely my own.

Carmela Licanda
Ottawa, Ontario
Canada

THE ROBBS

CRAIG

BRUCE

JOEY

DEE

RECENTLY, I had the privilege of meeting four of the grooviest guys in the recording business—the fabulous ROBBS—DEE, CRAIG, JOEY and BRUCE. During an interview I had with them after their performance at a dance in Milwaukee, Wis., I found them to be warm and sincere towards their fans—and fun!

In their dressing room, DEE sat on the floor with their dog, Galileo, while CRAIG, JOEY and BRUCE sat on chairs in a semi-circle.

CRAIG suggested that they each give words or phrases describing each other. Since DEE is leader, they started with him. About DEE: Oldest—leader—decision-maker—songwriter—athlete—congenial—likes tennis shoes—likes recording—likes colors.

They described CRAIG, their fab drummer: Dog's best friend—artistic—likes pretty things—a lamb—a gentle soul—likes to swim—loves his music—loves his fans.

JOEY: Sensitive—muscular—inward—fun loving—runs fast & jumps high—bouncy.

Last was BRUCE: Youngest—boldest—outgoing—surfer—repulsive organist!

The ROBBS are four fantastically talented and happy guys. They are planning to record their first album, soon. If you get the chance, I hope you hear it—and meet them!

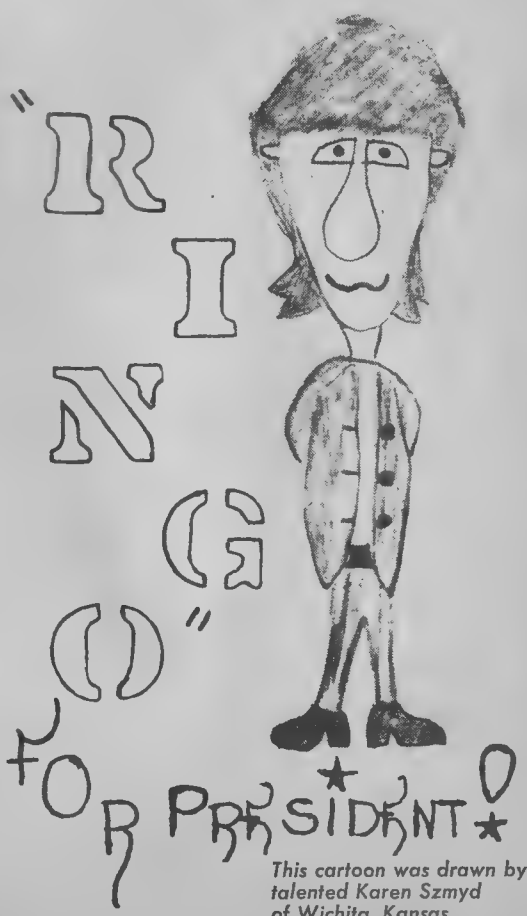
Pat Wroblewski
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THE OSMOND BROTHERS

The fave five appear on the Andy Williams show.

I think everyone has seen the OSMOND BROTHERS on TV. I was fortunate to meet them in April of last year, and we started a fan club for them. Anyone wishing to join can write to either address below for information. Thank you.
Shirley Hendrickson, 2738 Harvey St., Duluth, Minn. 55811, or,
Roberta Haataja, 3725 W. 2nd St., Duluth, Minn. 55802.

Roberta had the Osmond Brothers autograph this cute picture.



This cartoon was drawn by talented Karen Szmyd of Wichita, Kansas.

GARY'S SWINGIN' SCENE!

Gary Stevens takes time out to write for you—with help from the Wooleyburger.

HELLO on you my little culture lovers! So how are you?

Say, it came as quite a surprise when HARPO, SMITTY and FANG announced that they were quitting PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS. Actually, I'd heard for some time that JIM VALLEY wanted to leave and go out on his own, but the fact that MIKE SMITH and PHIL VOLK also wanted to leave the group was kept very quiet. One rumor I heard, suggested that DRAKE LEVIN, Phil and Mike want to start a group of their own. We'll have to wait and see . . .

Talking about group break-ups, the SPENCER DAVIS GROUP split was a sad one. It appears that since young STEVIE WINWOOD left to form his own group, relations between him and Spencer have been rather strained. Spencer is now in the process of forming a new group along with drummer PETE YORK. The other original member, MUFF WINWOOD (Stevie's older brother) has decided to give up showbusiness and settle down. And I wouldn't be surprised if marriage to his sweetheart, ZENA, is included in his immediate plans for the future.

Am I imagining things or is HERMAN putting on a little weight? It certainly seems that way from the photo in this month's column. The shot was taken at the Spring Antiques Fair in Chelsea, London. I hear that after touring the Fair and taking keen interest in many of the antiques on display, a dress suit of the Louis Philippe period caught his eye. The suit with velvet tail coat, breeches, waistcoat, cocked hat and sword with cut steel hilt was on sale for about $200.00. Unfortunately for Herman, it didn't quite fit, the shoes were too tight—so were the breeches and tail coat. Which, come to think of it, could explain why he's looking heavier!

Must tell you about a new group who knocked me out (not literally of course) when I saw them at New York's Action City recently. They're called the BARE FACTS and they hail from Portsmouth, Ohio. They have a wild stage act, a lot of talent and now a contract with Jubilee Records. Watch out for them!

That ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK is really going places. And about time too. It took him over seven years to become "an overnight success" and now that he's finally made it big there's no stopping him. Following the huge success of **Release Me** all over the world, he's been bombarded with offers for cabaret, television and film work. And no wonder. Apart from having a great voice he's a very handsome guy. By the way, Engelbert will be visiting America in the summer, so we'll have a chance to see him in person.

Did you know that CASS of the MAMAS AND PAPAS is married? Well, she is—to a singer called JIM HENDRICKS. That's been another well-kept secret. Cass met and married Jim in the days when she was with the MUGWUMPS group.

TONY VALENTINO of the STANDELLS continues to date DEAN MARTIN's daughter DEANA . . .

And talking about the Standells, they're on the look out for a new movie having completed **Ride On Sunset Strip.** But this time they want to speak some lines!

Well that's all for this month Good Guys. See you next.

Below: New group from Ohio, The Bare Facts. Right: Herman in Louis Philippe type costume.

DATELINES

by ELE and WALT DULANEY

It is here, in this very spot, where you can rid yourself of **all** your problems, be they on love, "that boy," parents, friends, loneliness . . . everything and anything that troubles you. ELE and WALT DULANEY, young happy-weds with enormous experience working with and for teenagers, want to help you to a more wonderful TEEN LIFE . . .

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: I am a girl in the eighth grade and play (don't laugh) the trumpet. I take private lessons and have to carry my trumpet back and forth to school every day. The case is real heavy and doesn't look so hot. I feel kinda stupid carrying it and it just about tears my arm. I also feel kinda dumb about playing the trumpet (not many girls do). I am pretty good and usually end up playing first, second or third chair, which I feel doesn't really help my popularity with the boys. I've thought about quitting private lessons, but that would mean giving up a probable scholarship. What should I do? —Confused.*

Dear Confused: People who are in bands and orchestras get so much more traveling and socializing than non-musicians, that you'd be cutting your own throat to quit now. Just watch that you're always well-scrubbed and attired in feminine clothes (when not in uniform) and within a year you should have volunteers to carry that trumpet case. Two suggestions to underscore your femininity: if you get the chance, take a charm and grooming course. And every now and then bake cookies for the group.—ELE and WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Walt: I went with Cindy until last week. Then my friend Daniel said she'd been telling people she was bored with me and was going to quit me. Well, that hurt a lot, but I didn't want it to show, so I said I was glad because I was even more bored than she was. Then he said why didn't I call her up and say so right then and beat her to it—so I did. But when I told her, she started crying. Then we broke up. Now, I'm wondering if she'd have cried like that if she was really tired of me. I'd like to ask, but the phone call was pretty bad (I swore), and I don't think she'd speak to me.—Spencer.*

Dear Spencer: If you can't pump up courage to call her or speak to her in person, write a short note and offer regrets for your sour comments. You owe her that in memory of the relationship you once shared.

But if you want to find out once and for all whether you blocked her intended "bug out" or were simply duped by Dan, ask her straight out. Yes, it's a gamble. You might end up with egg on your face. But you also might resume a relationship that's obviously important to you. Pride isn't much company, Chum!—WALT

* * *

Q *Dear Ele: I have a serious question. Last month this boy friend of mine came over. He really isn't a boy friend, but my dad thinks he is. Well, my father yelled real loud to come and do the dishes like he didn't want this friend over. And so my friend left. My father has made it up to me, and he said he didn't mean to holler. So how can I tell this friend he can come over anytime, without calling him and telling him?—Waiting.*

Dear Waiting: I'm not in favor of drop-in visitors. What if you were giving yourself a home permanent and looked like someone from outer space? Tell the boy at next meeting: "Sorry you landed in the middle of a home scene. I guess you have them at your house, too. To save yourself another earfull, how about phoning anytime before you come over?"—ELE.

* * *

Q *Dear Walt: In the past I have played the fool in my class. I am told that comedy is just a mask of my true feelings. Now I am afraid to get serious. I feel that I would be laughed at if I should show interest in things a boy my age (14) should be interested in like sports or girls.—The Clown.*

Dear Clown: Laughter's great, but only when it's spontaneous and unforced. Don't put on a "mask of tragedy," but do start being a more genuine person. First step: start listening—really listening—to what other people say, instead of merely waiting for a

"cue line" to trigger your act. Second move: spend more time and imagination with your school work. Third maneuver: volunteer to work on one worthwhile project at school or church. Watch your grooming, and be patient, and in time you'll erase that "Johnny Joker" image.—WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: Please tell me what you think of this incident. Our teacher always puts a bouquet on her desk in a blue vase. Well, last week someone broke the vase and she got real mad. So now she says we're to stay late every Wednesday, until the guilty person confesses, or until someone turns him in! We stayed today, and she says we'll do this every week "until." I think she's wrong to make the innocent suffer for the guilty, don't you? And I don't want to be a squealer.—8B.*

Dear 8B: I'm opposed to your teacher's ultimatum, because it inspires "vigilante" action. But it's hard to know what memories were tied up in that vase, or what other disappointments had set the stage that week for her blow-up. You might tell your mother about the unfair punishment and have her complain to the principal—or you might spark the class to take up a collection to replace the vase with as close a copy as possible. Which maneuver would you be more proud of?—ELE.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: Several times each week the girls in our crowd get together at each other's homes just to chat and listen to records. Since there is a recreation room in my house and a pool in the yard, they especially like to come to my place.*

The problem is that my 17-year-old sister starts showing off whenever we're around (we're all 13 and 14). She starts cussing a blue streak and drags on a cigarette pretending she knows how to smoke. Once, when she heard my friends were coming over, she went to the store to buy a can of beer just to have them watch her drink it.

I've asked her over and over to stop it, but she won't take the hint that my friends are no more interested in her doings than I am. Now I'm fearful of losing my friends because of her. What can I do? —No Square But A Good Girl.

Dear No Square: Three suggestions. (1) Use your creativity and try to find some good things that your sister does. Obviously she wants to impress you and your friends, so can't you ask her help to show you all how to do a new dance, shorten a skirt, bake brownies, or something positive? If she starts getting applause for constructive contributions, it could turn over a whole new leaf for her. (2) If she's a complete loss, could you schedule, with your parents, days when the rumpus room and pool would be hers alone, and times when you'd have sole use? (3) Finally, if 1 and 2 fail, you'd better place your home off bounds and contribute your share to the get-togethers by bringing snacks, etc., to the other homes.

What makes your sis act like this? Well, isn't it strange that she isn't busier with friends her own age? Sounds to us like she's lonesome and wants attention at any price. Hence the hokey "big sinner" routine. It all spells "notice me, please notice me" in the most pitiful way!—ELE and WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Walt: I go to a boy's boarding school, and I'm very worried about my roommate. This is his first year at the school, and he's here mainly because his parents got divorced and neither of them wanted to have him. He's not very good at sports and that's awfully important here. And so, except for me he's not very close with many guys. Some even think he's stuck-up, and they go out of their way to give him a rough time. I know for a fact that he cries himself to sleep every night and this past week he woke up three times out of five with nightmares; really bad ones. I promised I wouldn't say anything to anyone, but now I'm wondering if I ought to break my word.—Cadet.*

Dear Cadet: Sometimes a friend has to go against his pal's wishes for the person's greater good. I hope you'll find the courage to talk with the most understanding faculty member (chaplain? counselor? commandant?) and then set up an appointment for your pal. Then? Well, why not tell him of the action you've taken and let him know you've done it because you care about him.

If he's willing, you might casually find out what his holiday plans are. If his vacation plans look bleak, check on your family's willingness to adopt a holiday son. It could get him over a desperate time!—WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: My older sister is 16, and I'm 15. There is a boy I'll call Fred who is supposed to be my sister's boyfriend, but he's not. I don't know how it happened, but there's no getting around it: we're deeply in love. We both agree she must be told, but my sister is one of those people who carry a grudge and it might turn into World War III. How can I tell her without hurting her? She's said so many times, "Oh, Fred and I are so much in love!" —In a Triangle.*

Dear In: If you want to maintain a spark of sisterly affection, you'll invest two months of "apartness." Let Fred break off with her as gently as possible. Don't call or date each other, and then casually resume relations after your sis has started to date other guys. It's one thing to lose a boyfriend—and quite another to have a sister take him!—ELE and WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele: I work in the pantry section of a large restaurant. There is a boy working downstairs in the coffee shop whom I'd like to get to know better, but the only time I get to see him is when I'm filthy dirty from work. He doesn't seem very interested. My biggest problem is that he leaves for service the first of next month.—Grimy.*

Dear Grimy: You'll certainly want to get dressed up and drop in at the coffee shop on your next day off to show off a non-steamy you. If he's friendly, smile and chat. You might also spark an informal bon voyage party at work for your coffee shop chum! —ELE.

Ele and Walt Dulaney would like to help you to have a better, lovelier life. To take advantage of their love and understanding, address your letters to Ele and Walt c/o TEEN LIFE, Grand Central Station, P.O. Box 3585, N.Y. 10017. Ele and Walt's column also appears in newspapers throughout the country, distributed by Bell McLure Syndicate.

DIALING THE DJ's with TJ

Tell it to TJ if you want to brag about your fave DJ. Send notes, Fan Club 'n' pix . . .

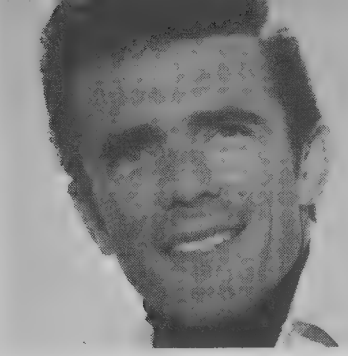
LISTEN TO LOUNSBURY: Just by dialing 98.7 on your FM dial in The Big City—New York—on Saturday and Sunday mornings from 6 to 9, you can catch Chicago's ex-number-one DJ, now the tops in N.Y. Born in Ames, Iowa, Jim Lounsbury began his radio career during his sophomore year at Drake University, moving on to Marshalltown and Des Moines, Iowa, and Louisville, Ky., before hitting the Windy City. There, he spun at WIND, WGN and WJJD RADIO. In Chicago he was also TV man for three-and-a-half years at WIND-TV, did the WGH-TV Teen Dance Show, and packaged a dance variety show for four years at WBKB-TV. Versatile Jim guest-emceed Dick Clark's American Bandstand and led over 3,000 dance Hops. He also led his own 14-piece band for which he sang and played saxophone and clarinet! Jim is 6'1", 195 pounds and single, so, to join his fab fan club, write to: Jim Lounsbury, WOR-FM Radio, 1440 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

HARRISBURG SWINGS: That's right gang, WKBO RADIO in Harrisburg, Pa., has a really swingin' program director with JIM HANLON. Jim is on daily from 5:30 am to 9 am, and besides running the station, loves to take off into the wild blue yonder—'cause he's a licensed private pilot. Jim was USO Special Services Coordinator for his 3 years in the Army. While working at WPGC in Washington, D.C., he met and talked with the Beatles. He said, "It was the most exciting night of my life." Jim's fave artists are: MAMAS AND PAPAS, PET CLARK and BOB DYLAN. To join his fan club write to: Jim Hanlon, WKBO Radio, 31 N. Second Street, Harrisburg, Pa. 17101.

FAN CLUBS CALLING: Charlene Gresham wrote to me about her fave DJ, JACK HAMMER of KROY RADIO in Sacramento, California. He really swings out from noon to 4 pm and 6 pm to midnight on Sundays. A track star in high school, Jack's fave sports are motorcycling, snow skiing and all water sports. He's 5'11" tall, has brown hair and dark brown eyes—and digs Mod clothes. The SUPREMES is his "tops" group, although he has been associated with many groups, including the ROLLING STONES and SONNY and CHER. To join Jack's fan club, write to Charlene Gresham, 1124 Morse Ave., Sacramento, Calif. 95825.

SORBI IN LOUISVILLE: Kathy Purcell wants everyone to know about JACK SORBI of WKLO RADIO in Louisville, Kentucky. Jack, 29 years-old, really rips it up on the air. He's 6'3" tall, weighs 171 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. A few months ago, Jack married a luvely English girl in London. So, when in Louisville, tune in WKLO and Jack. To join his fan club, write to Kathy Purcell, 1808 Windsor Place, Louisville, Ky. 40204.

FATHER AND SON DJ TEAM: That's right. Not many stations have a father and son on the airwaves. If you know of one, send me photos and the story. In Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, KQV RADIO has it happening with DAVE SCOTT and GREGG SCOTT. "Daddy" Dave is on from 3 pm to 6:30 pm Monday through Saturday. Son Gregg spins the record machine Sundays from 3 pm to 8 pm. Dave began his radio career in 1942 at WHJB, Greensburg. He's been MC for the Shower of Stars show, and added the spark to many other shows in both old and new-time radio. A radio "pro", Dave's fave sports are basketball and golf. "Best" artists are JACKIE WILSON, PET CLARK and 4 SEASONS. To join his fan club, write to Vera Ann Santoro, 1530 Dagman Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15216. SON-shine Gregg, the younger Scott, was born March 6, 1947. A handsome six-footer, he really digs hot dogs, lemon meringue pie and pizza. Tennis, swimming and studying the Civil War are his fave hobbies, along with driving his sports car. Gregg attends Point Park College every weekday and says his ambition is to be an actor. Gregg's thoughts about girls are: "Of course I like girls. But, that's only natural." To join his fan club, write to Karin Taylor, 1530 Dagman Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15216.



Jack (KROY) Hammer is the teen's delight in Sacramento, California.

"Flying" Jim Hanlon DJ's WKBO Radio, Harrisburg.

Gregg Scott swings on KQV Radio, just like dad!

Swingin' Jack Sorbi keeps things cool on WKLO, Louisville.

Dave (KQV) Scott is "big daddy" to Gregg Scott. Dave's a fave in Pittsburgh.

WOR-FM's Jim Lounsbury is New York's fave DJ on rockin' weekends.

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Choose from these **100 TOP STARS,** *or any others! See instructions below.*

Julie Andrews
Ann-Margret
Lucille Ball
Brigitte Bardot
Richard Basehart
Batman (Adam West)
Beatles (together)
George (alone)
John (alone)
Paul (alone)
Ringo (alone)
Dan Blocker
Peter Brown
Angela Cartwright
Dick Chamberlain
Sean Connery
Robert Conrad
Bill Cosby
Robert Culp
James Darren
Doris Day
Phyllis Diller
Dino, Desi & Billy
Troy Donahue
Donna Douglas
James Drury
Patty Duke
Barbara Eden
Ron Ely
John Erickson
Linda Evans
Roger Ewing
Sally Field
Ann Francis
Robert Fuller
Annette Funicello
Robert Goulet
Lorne Greene
Luke Halpin
Noel Harrison
David Hedison
Herman's Hermits
Steven Hill
Will Hutchins
David Janssen
Chris Jones
Marta Kristen
Martin Landau
Michael Landon
Jeri Lawrence
Jerry Lewis
John Leyton
June Lockhart
Richard Long
Trini Lopez
Lee Majors
Cheryl Miller
Hayley Mills
Roger Mobley
Monkees (together)
David (alone)
Micky (alone)
Mike (alone)
Peter (alone)
Liz Montgomery
Vic Morrow
David McCallum
Doug McClure
Peter McEnery
Rick Nelson
Paul Newman
Leonard Nimoy
Ryan O'Neal
Stephanie Powers
Elvis Presley
Bob Random
Robin (Burt Ward)
William Shatner
Nancy Sinatra
Bill Smith
Elke Sommer
Barbara Stanwyck
Connie Stevens
Yale Summers
Shirley Temple
Roy Thinnes
Robert Vaughn
Clint Walker
John Wayne
Guy Williams
Van Williams
Robert Wolders
Efrem Zimbalist

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INSTRUCTIONS: 1. Print the names of your favorite stars (even if not listed above) on a sheet of paper. 2. For each name you select, enclose 10¢ to cover mailing and handling costs; for extra-quick special service, please enclose 25¢ extra. 3. Print your own name and address clearly.

Mail to me at this address:
JERI OF HOLLYWOOD
DEPT. 4646
7551 MELROSE AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90046

TEEN LIFE CLUB NEWS

THE letters from TL Club members this month have been full of good news of members' interviews and chapter fun. I love to read them. Rosemary McAdory of Milwaukee, Wis., sent Bess and me an especially nice letter, and I thought you'd like to see it.

Dear Joni and Bess:

I'm very glad to have become a T.L. member and I just love the pin. First of all, your magazine is so great all I can say is, 'keep up the good work.'

In school I was just one of the crowd, but now I've overcome my shyness and have encouraged other girls to join T.L. I was never a social bug, but now I invite friends over and we have a wonderful time. And Teen Life is what helped me, it has so many great ideas and suggestions.

I also belong to a small school group which organizes record hops and collects money for the Red Cross and other medical organizations.

As I close this letter, I want to say thanks for a great magazine and keep printing more about the up-and-coming stars!

Bess and I love to hear of TLC chapters that do volunteer work. Record hops and chapter fun are enough reason for joining TLC, not to mention the Press Card, which many members say has been a great help for seeing your favorite pop people for interviews.

Do send in news of your TL Reporter activities and chapter news for this column.

We'd love to hear all about each chapter's activities, and news of your favorite stars, pop singers, too.

Joni James, International President, TLC.

BEATLES

continued from page 15

attempts to get a cover version of a Lennon-McCartney original—like *Michelle*, *Girl* and *Yesterday*. All proved hits in the charts for other artists.

Of these two men, 26-year-old John Winston Lennon—he of the relentless "lip" and switch blade brain—has emerged as the most powerful personality. Having finished his first solo dramatic role as Private Gripweed in *How I Won The War*, Lennon has been making the kind of noises which suggested the Big Split was about to happen.

"I've been a Beatle now for six years. We've had a lot of laughs and a lot of good times, but it can't go on much longer."

During an interview I had with him some months ago, he told me: "If I thought I had to go through the rest of my life being stared and pointed at, I'd give up the Beatles now. It's only the thought that one day it will be over which keeps me going."

There are very few sacred cows in Lennon's life(he even told reporters on the award of his MBE that he was having it made into a bell push), but he does feel most strongly about the freedom of the individual—especially his freedom and his individuality.

Rolling Stone, Keith Richard, remarked, "Lennon is one of the few people in this business to whom you can put a straight question and get a straight answer!"

Lennon has developed over the years a genius for the sharp retort. Typical was an incident following the rough passage he had endured on the plane which landed in the Bahamas prior to filming *Help*. He had hardly set foot to tarmac before one of those "busy" American radio interviewers rushed up, caught him by the sleeve and shoved a microphone under his nose.

"This is WLMXA calling John Lennon," bawled the interviewer, "Come in, John Lennon."

"Hello, Mr. WLMXA," said John pleasantly, "how is Mrs. WLMXA and all the little WLMXAs?"

"Testing, testing," screamed the horrified interviewer and clapped his hand over the microphone before John could impart a few more illuminating words to the listeners from his colorful vocabulary.

He personally admires the work and for that matter, the person of Bob Dylan, whom he believes writes the truth with little regard for the consequences. Of other people's attempts to sing his own songs he is more than explicit.

"I would estimate there are about five people in the entire world who realize what Beatle music is all about and that includes the other three and George Martin. Many of the singers who do our songs have no idea how to interpret them.

"Keely Smith's Lennon and McCartney Song Book is a joke—she added nothing but a couple of trumpets, and I loathed Matt Monro's version of *Yesterday*. Marianne Faithfull's version was far better. We liked Henry Mancini's orchestrated versions of our songs and Esther Phillip's version of *If I Fell*.

"Lack of emotional sense is responsible for the way some of the older people interpret our songs. They do not understand a feeling they have grown too old to remember.

"We try and latch on to a truth in our songs—something we believe in 100 per cent. If people can get just a fraction of the truth, then we have achieved something. Beatles are, generally speaking, the only people who can play Beatles music as it was intended to be interpreted."

Lennon takes his writings, be it composing or literary, very seriously. He sits at his desk for hours until the job is finished. He finds that this is the only way to get things done, for if he once leaves something, the thread is gone.

"Sometimes I attempt to make a musical appraisal of our own musical progress as a group," he told me. "I put all our LPs on the player and listen to them in chronological order. I can never get right through them all, though—someone always knocks, comes into the room and finds me sitting there like an idiot listening to my own music. I switch it off, from embarrassment more than anything."

Lennon is one of those rare men who, no matter how successful or rich they become, will always be striving to accomplish something new, for it is in the achievement of an accomplishment that he finds his real satisfaction and not in the rewards.

The other half, James Paul McCartney, has and always will be the Beatles diplomatic courier—the press relations officer (honorary). He faces the world with an engaging smile and the air of slightly injured schoolboy innocence which suggest that there is nothing at all remarkable about being one of the world's youngest self-made millionaires.

"Money doesn't change you unless you see it," said Paul. "I don't see mine and it has no effect upon me. An accountant handles all our finances. I once asked to see a detailed list of my expenses and could not make head or tail of it. You don't change your whole personality overnight because you are making a lot of money."

Paul worked on the music score for the soon-to-be released Hayley Mills movie, *All In Good Time*. That was just one of the ventures by Paul outside the group activities. Another is his interest and experiments with electronic music.

"I'm still keen to do a musical with John," Paul informed me. "I very much like the idea of writing about some of the places in Liverpool where I was brought up, but the difficulty is that so many of the places have no lyrical quality about them. I mean you can work Mississippi or Chicago into a song, but see what you can do with Birkenhead or Garston."

Reporters are something which "Mc-Beatle" regards with the patient air of one who has viewed the species from close quarters and with long deliberation.

"We're now at the slightly unenviable stage of having whole articles just made up about us," said Paul. "There's always a way to tell, though—they slip up and put their own vocabulary into your mouth. It's like John coming out with something like 'wizard Prang'—it gets that bad."

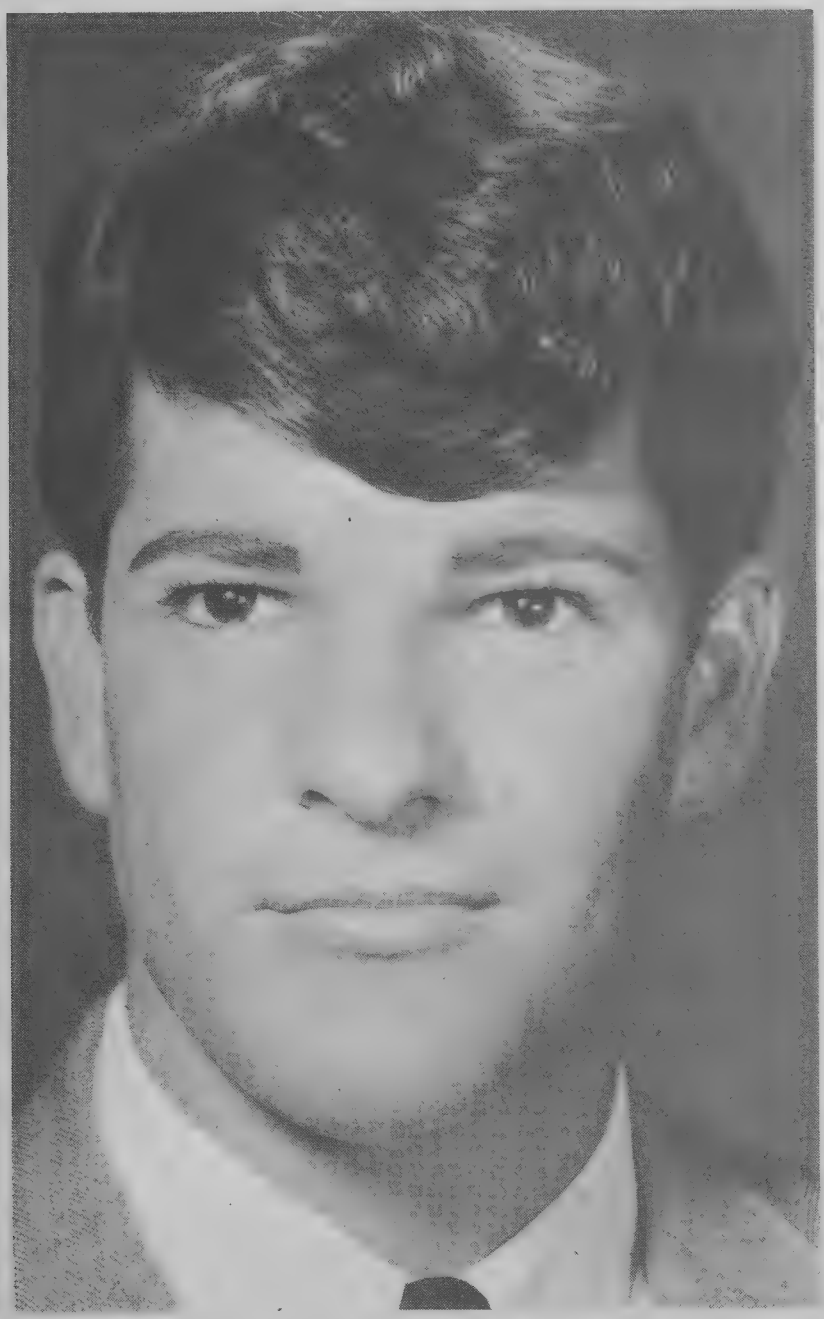
In addition to his composing activities, Paul has produced a few independent discs like Cliff Bennett's *Got To Get You Into My Life*.

Other future developments should include a report of his marriage to Jane Asher—for the simple reason there has not been a report on his marriage for at least three months. Marriage and Mc-

continued on page 52

MOST HANDSOME DJ IN THE WORLD—*1967*

2nd Quarter Final Result



ROBY YONGE

DOWN in Miami, Florida, listeners to WQAM RADIO are wild about their handsome deejay, ROBY YONGE.

And so are readers of Teen Life! You've voted him the winner of the second heat of the Most Handsome DJ In The World Contest, and lucky Roby now goes forward to the grand final—and a chance to win an all-expense paid week-end for two in fabulous Hollywood!

There were ten competitors in the second heat which appeared in the April issue: HOWARD ANDERSON (WEED Radio, Rocky Mount, N.C.), KEN DOUGLAS (WINN Radio, Louisville, Kentucky), JACK FISHER (WROV Radio, Roanoke, Va.), GENE LOVING (WGH Radio, Tidewater, Va.), FREDDIE MILANDER (WKAP Radio, Allentown, Penna.), HARV MOORE (WPGC Radio, Blandensburg, Md.), BOB OUELLETTE (WLAM Radio, Lewiston, Maine), LONG JOHN SILVER (WAYS Radio, Charlotte, N.C.), BOB TODD (WQXI Radio, Atlanta, Ga.) and Roby.

Born in Ft. Jackson, S.C., 25 years ago, in 1962 Roby began radio work in Miami, where he has a huge fan following. Roby, winner in a close contest, tells us acting is his ambition. We wish him luck in that field—and in this contest!

Watch next month's Teen Life for the results of the May heat!

JERRY LEWIS CONDUCTS— NUTNIKS

IF you sneak up on JERRY LEWIS between scenes of *Way Way Out*, you'll find him doubled over . . . from laffing at your NUTNIKS. You know, of course TL will pay you $2.00 for every NUTNIK published. So send in your funnies to our Nutnik editor, c/o TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 3585, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Had a good holler at these two funnies sent in by DEE DEE HIDE of Hawaii, Honolulu:

"I'm not saying she's a bad cook," *said the boyfriend.* "But I know why her family prays before every meal."

* * *

Teacher: *Yes, Sammy, what is it?*
Sammy: *Well, I don't want to scare you, but my Pop said if I didn't do better in my grades someone is due for a licking.*

* * *

You'll titter at this one from DAWN HANEY of Seattle, Washington:

Teacher (in grammar lesson): *Rephrase the sentence: He was bent on seeing her.*
Student: *The sight of her doubled him up.*

* * *

I loved the two jokes from GLENNA DOTY of Columbus, Indiana:

The human brain is a wonderful thing. It starts working the moment you get up in the morning, and it doesn't stop until you're called on in class!

* * *

Question: *What did the bald man say when he got a comb for a birthday present?*
Answer: *Thank you very much. I'll never part with it.*

* * *

EUGENE W. CALL of Fort Huachuca, Arizona, wins $6.00 for her three Nutniks:

Johnny: *My great-grandfather fought with Napoleon; my grandfather fought against the French, and my father fought the Germans.*
Ralph: *My, your folks couldn't get along with anybody, could they?*

* * *

Artist: *This is a painting of a cow grazing.*
Onlooker: *Where is the grass?*
Artist: *The cow has eaten all of it.*
Onlooker: *I don't even see the cow.*
Artist: *You don't expect her to stay around after she's eaten all the grass, do you?*

* * *

Woman (to a friend at the races): *I've backed a horse and it's sure to win. It starts at 20-to-1 and the race isn't till one o'clock.*

* * *

This cutie made me chuckle. It comes from DEBBIE CHRISTIANSON of Hungry Horse, Montana:

Mo: *What do monsters eat?*
Joe: *Things.*
Mo: *What do monsters drink?*
Joe: *Coke. Things go better with Coke!*

* * *

Thank you SHELLEY LUSHAW for your joke. Shelley lives in Brandon, Mon.

At a reception one lady said to the other: *"I don't know what's the matter with that tall man over there. He was so attentive a while ago, but now he won't even come near me."*

"Perhaps he saw me come in," the other quietly replied. *"He's my husband."*

This one's from IMMACULATA POMARICO of Philadelphia, Pa.:

Sergeant: *So you're complaining about finding sand in your soup?*
Private: *Yes sir.*
Sergeant: *Did you join the Army to serve your country or to complain about the food?*
Private: *I joined to serve my country—not to eat it!*

* * *

From MARIA MAUTI of Toronto, Ontario, comes this funny:

Me: *You remind me of a dance.*
You: *Which one?*
Me: *The Jerk!*

Cartney just are not public domain. When the event happens, we will be the last to know and his wife will be the first or possibly the last.

What of the other Beatles? Mr. Richard Starkey, with that well-known sad smile, seems happily settled with his Zak of gold and should his future as a drummer not appeal to him, then he has the consolation of knowing his building firm is doing good business. They are at present busy renovating the houses of a certain John Lennon and Paul McCartney.

George "Ravi" Harrison seems to be looking for himself through the medium of Eastern mysticism and in between delving into "yoga" he finds time to study Indian music under the direction of Ravi Shankar. George can fairly claim to be largely responsible for the introduction of the sitar in modern pop music, and you can also be sure that his future development will include further adaptations of foreign instruments into the Western civilization.

AFTER BEATLES:

What will emerge, and when, is still anybody's guess. But you can be certain that Messrs. McCartney, Lennon, Starr and Harrison are just as capable of carving out individual careers as they were in establishing the world's best-known quartet. ● By JOHN KING

HERMAN

continued from page 5

cause we're a team. And if one person's late, we're *all* late for a show. We must never let the audience down.

So if anybody *is* late—heaven help him! That's when the words start flying! (But it doesn't often happen!)

Otherwise, all we're ever likely to quarrel about (and it's not so much a quarrel as a discussion) is our music. How should we tackle a new number? Is this one a better one to record? What's the best tempo for it? That sort of thing. Which reminds me of a very awkward question I'm sometimes asked:

"Which of all your recordings do you personally like best?"

It's awkward because if I tell the truth it sounds like a sales talk! Because, quite honestly, I seem to like the last one we've recorded better than the ones that have gone before.

I can put it another way. The one I liked the least is the first one we ever did. And I get to like them more as we've developed. And it's probably because we have developed. As a team and individually. We've learned our trade. And we've also become more critical of ourselves.

But on the other hand, they always say an artist is the worst critic of his own work! So what can you do?

Anyway, looking back, my own favorites among the past discs include THIS DOOR SWINGS BOTH WAYS, NO MILK TODAY, A KIND OF HUSH, and—oh, yes, MRS. BROWN, YOU'VE GOT A LOVELY DAUGHTER.

I musn't forget that last one, because that's the title (at the moment) of the next picture we're doing. We're due to start shooting in May, and it'll be done mostly in my two "hometowns:" Manchester, where I was born, and London, where I've settled down.

If anyone *can* really settle down for long in any one place in this hectic business! ●

MIKE NESMITH AND THE MONKEES

continued from page 13

played around with various groups; Micky Dolenz, who as a kid had been *Circus Boy* on television and Peter Tork, a folk singer.

Unlike any other successful group working today, these boys did not come together by choice. They did not seek one another out to form a group, they were *put together*. They were, and are, four highly individual young men who had been seeking a success in show business as single performers . . . *not* as members of a group.

Other groups have been drawn together by friendship or mutual respect for one another's talent, or both. But the Monkees had no feeling for each other because they were strangers.

And this simple fact is the answer to the question of why the Monkees don't hang around together. They have nothing in common except the fact that they are all Monkees. It isn't that they dislike one another. It's just that they all have their own friends whom they've cultivated over the years, and they prefer to spend what little time they have left over for social life in the company of people they know well.

When the group was first formed, Micky and Davy tried sharing a house together but with each of them having friends over all the time it turned into a 24-hour-a-day party and no one had any privacy. When Davy felt like a quiet, restful evening, the house would be filled with Micky's friends, and vice versa, so they both decided they would be better off living alone.

Kirshner and Schneider knew what they wanted from the Monkees even before the boys were chosen. For television they wanted madcap, zany humor with one character who was always getting into troublesome situations and having to be pulled out by the other three. For records they wanted a highly commercial sound aimed directly at the teeny-bopper market.

They immediately chose Davy as the central television character because he was the one with the most acting experience and he was cute and little and sweet looking. To get the music they hired song writers and producers who had been highly successful in the rock 'n roll field. These people "manufactured" a sound for the Monkees using studio musicians and back-up singers, leaving the four boys with no say-so whatsoever in the songs they recorded or the sound that came across on the records.

After just a few television shows had been taped, Micky, Mike and Peter realized that Davy was emerging as the most important Monkee. This upset Micky more than it did Mike and Peter because after all, he had been an actor since he was ten years old and had his own TV series. But Micky did NOT get angry with Davy because he knew Davy had no more control over the format of the show than the rest of them did. However, he was bugged with the front office.

Mike, on the other hand, was also bugged with the front office, but for a different reason. He didn't particularly care what was done on the TV show, but he cared very much about the Monkee music. He felt that the group had an obligation to *say* something in their songs . . . to bring to the market a new and important sound with a message, like the Beatles had done and like the Buffalo Springfield is now doing.

So, while Micky only grumbled to friends about his dissatisfaction with the show, Mike set out to *do something* about the music.

He tried to get Kirshner to record songs he had written for the group and several were accepted. But Mike still had no control over the way the songs were presented. The other Monkees respected Mike's musical ideas, but they also respected the fact that Don Kirshner's ideas for the Monkee sound had been *highly* successful (their first album had sold 4½ *million* copies in less than a month) and they weren't sure they wanted to risk Mike's as-yet-unproven theories.

So Mike set about to bring them over to his side. It took a couple of months, but he accomplished his goal simply by being the kind of a person he is. Their song, *I'm a Believer* could have been written about Mike. He IS a *believer* and what he believes in most is himself. Even back in high school he told all his friends he was going to be famous and rich and *respected* as a musician. His faith in himself and his own talent has never waivered, even when he had no job and no money. And his personality is so strong that he can project this faith to other people. An example of this is the way he handled his interview when he answered the ad in Variety to become a Monkee. He was asked, "What have you done that would qualify you for this group?"

His answer was, "I've been preparing myself for this day because I knew it would come. It did come, and I'm ready." And although he had no prior credits to

ALL THE TOP-POP STARS!

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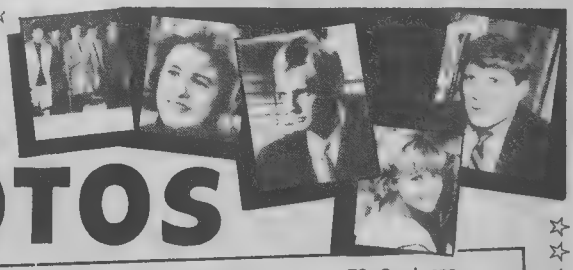


STARS IN TV - RECORDS - MOVIES

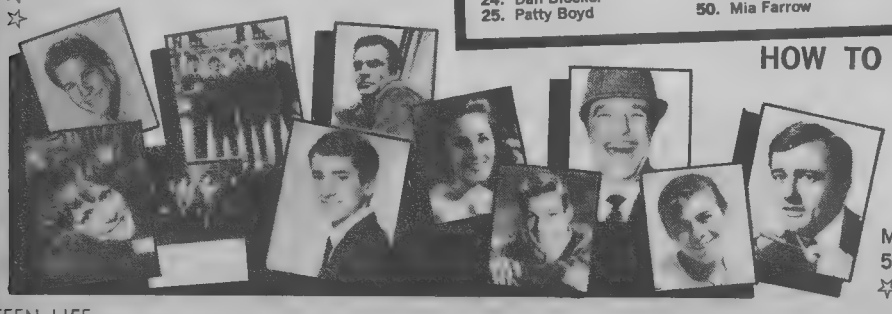
A really Fab Offer. FREE STAR PHOTOS, just to introduce you to the exciting POP PIX CLUB (the greatest ever)!! Get the latest candid 4x5's of your favorites FREE. Choose from 100 top stars. Pick as many as you like. NO LIMIT. Hurry and follow the simple instructions. They're Fun. They're Free. They're Yours...ONLY IF YOU ACT NOW!

NO LIMIT-

PICK AS MANY STARS AS YOU LIKE

(Choose only 1 picture for each star)

1. The Bachelors
2. The Beatles
3. Dino, Desi & Billy
4. Gary and the Playboys
5. The Dave Clark Five
6. Dusty Springfield
7. Freddie and the Dreamers
8. Gerry and the Pacemakers
9. Herman's Hermits
10. Peter & Gordon
11. The Righteous Brothers
12. The Rolling Stones
13. Sonny & Cher
14. Nancy Ames
15. Ursula Andress
16. Julie Andrews
17. Paul Anka
18. Ann-Margaret
19. Frankie Avalon
20. Max Baer, Jr.
21. Carroll Baker
22. Tony Bill
23. Bill Bixby
24. Dan Blocker
25. Patty Boyd
26. Peter Brown
27. Richard Burton
28. Angela Cartwright
29. Richard Chamberlain
30. Petula Clark
31. Chris Connelly
32. Chuck Conners
33. Sean Connery
34. Gary Conway
35. Johnny Crawford
36. Bobby Darin
37. Sammy Davis, Jr.
38. Sandra Dee
39. Alain Delon
40. Bob Denver
41. Dick Van Dyke
42. Troy Donahue
43. Donna Douglas
44. Tony Dow
45. James Drury
46. Patty Duke
47. Vincent Edwards
48. Chad Everett
49. Shelly Fabares
50. Mia Farrow
51. Jane Fonda
52. Anne Francis
53. Connie Francis
54. James Franciscus
55. Annette Funicello
56. James Garner
57. Leslie Gore
58. Robert Goulet
59. Lorne Greene
60. Andy Griffith
61. Luke Halpin
62. Joey Heatherton
63. Rock Hudson
64. Sammy Jackson
65. David Janssen
66. Rick Jason
67. Dean Jones
68. Caroline Jones
69. Jack Jones
70. Richard Johnson
71. Michael Landon
72. Gary Lewis
73. Virna Lisi
74. Donna Loren
75. Carole Lynley
76. Sue Lyons
77. Dorothy Malone
78. Haley Mills
79. Liz Montgomery
80. Mary Tyler Moore
81. Vic Morrow
82. David McCallum
83. Rick Nelson
84. Jimmy O'Neill
85. Ryan O'Neal
86. Barbara Parkins
87. Paul Peterson
88. Elvis Presley
89. Juliet Prowse
90. Bobby Rydell
91. Soupy Sales
92. Bobby Sherman
93. Frank Sinatra, Jr.
94. Connie Stevens
95. Robert Vaughn
96. Bobby Vinton
97. Robert Wagner
98. Deborah Walley
99. Debbie Watson
100. Natalie Wood



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show the producers, just in conversation he convinced them that he *was* ready.

So after persuading the other Monkees that his musical ideas were better than Kirshner's, his next step was to convince Bert Schneider. Kirshner had the phenomenal success of the Monkees' records to prove that his formula was right, and he wasn't about to change it. All Mike had was an idea. He decided that the only way he could get Schneider to agree with him was by using pressure. So he threatened to leave the Monkees and go out on his own unless he could have a voice in choosing the group's songs and sound. Those close to Mike say he had no intention of living up to the threat, but he was so convincing Schneider believed him and gave him the O.K. Kirshner refused to accept Schneider's decision, since the musical side of the Monkees had been under his jurisdiction alone, so the company politely asked for his resignation.

Just prior to this, the annual Grammy awards were held and two of the Monkees' records were nominated. The group was also asked to be presenters on the program in another category, but when they were told they would have to wear tuxedos, all but Davy refused to go. They felt tuxedos were not the Monkee image, and if they couldn't dress like Monkees they would be cheating their fans. Davy, on the other hand, felt that if other groups like the Mamas and the Papas could dress up for the occasion, so could he. So, he went alone.

This is another thing about the Monkees that is unique among groups. Because they are individuals first, and a group secondly, they do as they please when they can't agree.

Davy was so bugged by all the behind-the-scenes wheeling and dealing that was going on over their record sound that he simply refused to show up for the first five recording sessions of the music that will be released next summer and fall. Arguments arose over every point of music while Mike was still trying to get his way with Schneider, so they would spend hours in the studio just to record one song. Davy told them to let him know when everything was settled and he'd come back to work. But not before.

This is why the sessions were closed. The Colgems people did not want word to leak out that Davy wasn't there, and they didn't want it known that Mike was making such a scene about the music, until they had something on record so they could tell if his sound was good.

Then Davy was offered a part in the movie version of *Oliver* and rumors started that he was considering leaving the Monkees to take it. Since Davy has always been the most cooperative of all the boys, the front office at Screen Gems was shook up by this talk, and immediately began persuading Davy to stay.

There *have* been occasions when some of the Monkees refused to sign autographs or chat with fans, but there has usually been a reason behind this attitude. A problem on the set, an argument about music or something similar was enough to upset one of the boys for an entire day, during last fall when the ratings of the show were still touch and go.

Their fame and wealth had come so suddenly, so over-whelmingly, that it took them a while to adjust to their new image. Remember, this was an image that had been chosen *for* them, not one they, as individuals, had picked out for themselves.

The boys are all aware of what the success of the Monkees has done for them and they *are* appreciative. They dig being stars and they welcome financial security. But they realize that this is not the ultimate in life. As individuals they have goals too. Davy wants to become a respected actor. Mike wants to make his mark on American music, to honestly influence the market as other trailbazers have done. Micky knows what it's like to taste fame and lose it. As a high school student he was already a has-been, an ex-child star who had few friends and little hope for his future. He doesn't *ever* want to go through that again, so he wants to emerge from the Monkees as a contemporary actor and performer. Peter is also looking toward his future as a performer after the Monkee fad passes, and he too would like to be thought of as an actor-musician.

Certainly the boys have the right to think of their individual goals because they can't be Monkees for the rest of their lives. But now that a broader format will be used on next season's show, and they have control over their own music, they are willing to ride on the crest of Monkee fame as long as it lasts. And they are determined to give their fans every ounce of talent they have to offer.

There has never been any individual feud going on between any of the boys, only disagreement on what was best for the Monkees as a group.

Now, for the first time they all agree they have found the best formula, and as long as that is true they will stay together and work as a team. ●

By DELL WEST

MICKY DOLENZ

continued from page 21

was more interested in his father's deeds of derring-do that the elder Dolenz performed while starring in a series of pictures as *The Count of Monte Cristo.*

Then, too, Micky saw so many of the stars that their plentitude, as well as his tender years, made him take the beauties more or less in stride.

Even later, when Micky starred in the *Circus Boy* television series, his prime interests were pin-pointed on the animals and the aerialist acts featured in that show.

But time passed, for Micky as it must for everyone. And now, back in the highly competitive world of television, Micky is at the perfect age to ogle appreciatively all the beautiful women for which Hollywood justifiably is famed.

Especially Ann-Margret.

"I could just sit and drool over that woman twenty-four hours a day," Micky enthuses. "But, of course, it might get a little damp out. And she might not like that. It's a thought."

Indeed, it is. Plus the fact that, even though Ann still is young, she is a bit older than Micky. Which bothers him not at all.

"I'm really an old soul," he told a reporter, drawing his face down into what he thought of as lines of age and responsibility. And which made him look almost twenty years old.

But he couldn't maintain the pose. Suddenly, faster than the eye could catch, Micky once more was the bouncing, never-still drummer of *The Monkees.* Moving, talking, never sitting down at all.

And talking to all who'd listen about his undying devotion to Ann-Margret.

"Climb the highest mountain?" Micky asked dramatically. "Why, man, I'd tear down the thing for her. Why bother to climb it? Swim the deepest ocean? Betcha!

"Why," he intoned solemnly, "I'd even put on a dinner jacket and one of those black *ties* for Annie. I mean it. I would."

Which, as everyone knows, is the outer limits of devotion for one of *The Monkees.* They aren't exactly addicted to formal attire.

"I'll tell you some other things that have made me pick Ann-Margret," Micky answered the unasked question. "She not only drives that cool Cadillac, but she does extra special things. Like ride a bike. Now, how many girls do you know who do *that*? You can count 'em on one finger."

A "bike" in Micky's terms, is not the old machine which oldsters think of by that name. Not at all. It is, instead, a motorcycle. And Ann-Margret, it is true, has been seen on one often.

Tall, long-legged Micky points out that when Annie became engaged to actor Roger Smith, he wasn't yet back in the entertainment business as a star. He was, in fact, a student of architectural drafting at Los Angeles Trade and Technical College.

"So how could she have picked me?" Micky asks with irrefutable logic.

"But now that she and Roger are finished," Micky adds grandly, "things are different. They will develop.

"It just takes time."

Then, in the next breath Micky, reluctantly, has to admit that he never has been so much as formally introduced to the lady of his dreams. A minor matter to him.

"She waved at me," he said firmly. "And I figure that is a big thing. You can't tell me that Ann-Margret goes around waving at everybody. It's a big step forward for me."

Not having the heart, the reporter didn't tell him that friendly, outgoing Ann-Margret is, indeed, very likely to return a friendly wave given to her by all and sundry. That Annie is noted for her friendliness with her fans—even those working on the same studio lot that she is.

"I can see us now," Micky went on, dreamily, his eyes fixed on far-away horizons, "spinning through the night, just the two of us, with the sound of the bike keeping us company. No need for words. Just the two of us, dancing to the rhythm of the engine."

Dancing? On a motorcycle? At night? With the machine in motion?

"Just you wait. You'll see us do it. Someday," Micky insisted, refusing to be budged an iota from his wild imaginings.

"Ann-Margret can do anything. Anything. She will, too.

"Now that fellow named Roger Smith has gone from her life, we'll see," Micky opined.

"I'm ready to catch her. Bike, pink Cadillac and all. Just like in the movies."

A movie which certainly nobody ever saw up to this point. Of a girl and a guy dancing on a motorcycle, while whizzing along through the dark.

A scene dear to Micky Dolenz' heart. And about which Ann-Margaret has expressed no opinion. Because Micky hasn't told her yet. ● By TONY TAYLOR

KEITH

continued from page 19

banging away with this shoe while I stood biting my nails to the quick.

A few seconds later, a "bobby" came over very casually, looking us both over very casually and smiling very casually and looking very casually as though he were going to arrest us very casually! Craig, totally unperturbed, went on banging that fool shoe. "Young man, what is the idea of that jacket that you're wearing? I could arrest you right here on the spot, do you know that?" I didn't know that at all, nor could I imagine in my wildest dreams why he would want to arrest me for wearing my military jacket with the brass buttons! I had never heard about the new ruling in England pertaining to the mod cats wearing military dress and how it was unlawful and they would be arrested if caught wearing them or anything. To make a long story short, this officer was a bit peeved about the whole thing and on top of this, he had somehow gotten the crazy idea that Craig was trying to break open the parking meter with my shoe! Crazy, eh?

Well, turning on my inimitable charm and personality, I was luckily able to divert the irate officer's attention from our conduct and drag him into a lengthy discussion of pop music today. So, there we stood, discussing pop music, Craig with my shoe in his hand and me with my unlawful military jacket, and you know, that "bobby" was a pretty good guy. I mean, considering the position he was in and all. I kind of hated to say goodbye to him, but we promised to write to him as soon as we returned home. That was just one funny happening. Another evening we decided to go to the *Bag O'Nails*, one of the most "in" clubs on the London scene. So, setting out with high hopes, we reached the club without mishap. The chap at the door didn't exactly roll out the red carpet for our arrival. In fact, he was actually very inhospitable to us. "Americans?" he yelled, "well, you can't get in without membership. Very happy to have you visiting us, sirs, but come back tomorrow night and pay two pounds and then we'll see."

It wasn't exactly what we had expected, but at least they weren't refusing us admittance altogether. The next evening, we decided to chance it and take another jaunt over to the club. Upon reaching the door, we found three men waiting to give us the grand welcome, fitting of all American pop visitors to England. "KEITH," they screamed in unison, "well, if it isn't KEITH," they screamed again in my eardrum. "Well, well, we've been waiting for you for some time, haven't we," he inquired of the air. "Yes, yes, we're very honored to have you here with us and in honor of this grand occasion, we're going to make you a Golden Member Of The Bag O'Nails, and that, my lad, is an honor, isn't it?" he again asked the air. Stammering my profuse thanks and grabbing Craig by the arm, we finally gained admittance to the club.

Among the shows I did over there were Top Of The Pops, Easy Beat, Pop-In, and That's Where It's At.

One night, feeling a little bit down, I took a walk in the rain from 1 am till 6 in the morning and it was a great feeling. Free, very uninvolved and very beautiful. And I thought about a lot of things and I decided that England is a very groovy place with out-of-sight people. And I also decided that I HAD to go back!

That England really swings, man! ●

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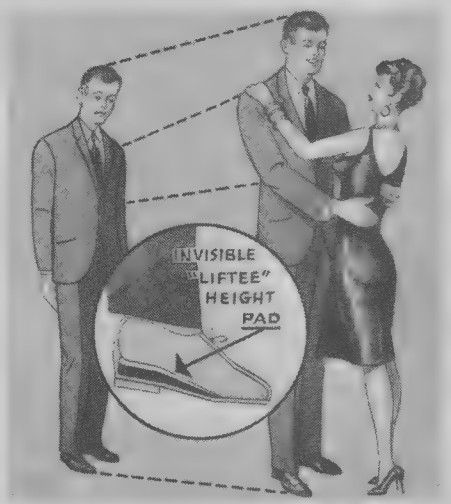

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G.I. JOHNNY

continued from page 29

for my constant practicing of the first. However, I've just been assigned to a film about military courtesy in which I will play a recruit who just won't seem to salute officers. In the past I've played a K.P. on pots and pans (I was able to handle that role with great depth and feeling, but the film turned out to be kind of a soap opera), and an A.W.O.L. (if you don't know what that means, just ask the next hitch-hiker you pick up with an over-night bag, ill-fitting clothes and no sideburns).

This January I took my first leave since basic (over a year ago), and it sure was good to get home and pretend I was a civilian for a little while. Of course, my little brother, Cory, had to show up in his sailor outfit to greet me. This gave me quite a start 'cause I'd heard that the Navy was in the habit of getting 'em young. However, he is all of six years old now and still unemployed, but to top it off, he insisted that I salute him the whole time I was home. So, of course, with requirements like this around the house, I spent most of my time with Two Bits (even though I hadn't heard a word from him all year long). I thought the fifteen pounds I'd gained while living with Uncle Sam was a lot, but Two Bits must've gained almost a hundred. Guess it's because he eats more oats than I do. Last December, my pal, Gene McLaughlin, took him to Oklahoma City (that's the National Finals Rodeo) and won second in the World Championship Trick Roping Contest sponsored by the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

I also spent some time with the Vice President of Canterbury Records whom I've known all my life. Now, I realize that that sounds as if I'm trying to impress you, but that's alright because I am. He's my older brother, Bobby, who's in charge of sales and promotion for the new company which was formed last year. I'm not gonna give them any plugs, however, 'cause I didn't get a contract for Christmas. It just goes to show you how fast somebody you know can forget you when they hit it big. Anyhow, their latest release is The Yellow Balloon. (So I lied!)

I spent my last two days of leave in Palm Springs competing with Two Bits at the rodeo. Sure was good to see some of my cowboy friends again, and I enjoyed shooting the bull with Lee Majors of the Linda Evans Show. I was able to rodeo some in the East last year, but I hadn't roped off of Two Bits for quite a spell, and, as a result, he might've worked the rope for me a little better than he did at Palm Springs. But I'm probably startin' to speak a foreign language to you, and once I get started to talkin' about my favorite American sport, which Americans seem to be so ignorant of and which is the most competitive, exciting and fastest growing multi-million dollar spectator sport of the most independent athletes in the world, well, once I get started talkin' about this great sport of the U.S. and Canada and Australia, which is presently under attack by uninformed humaniacs in state legislatures throughout the country; every time I even mention rodeo, which is the fairest competition of man against beast in the world, before I know it . . . well, I just can't stop. Then I wind up with larangitis or bleeding fingertips and a worn out typewriter! Don't

let anybody ever tell that rodeo's not a hazardous sport.

Well . . . (whenever I start out a new paragraph with "well," that means I'm runnin' out of fuel, and you can be pretty certain that I'm workin' up to some sort of an overwhelming finish—that is, unless it's the first paragraph, which this isn't), I'm twenty-one years old now and a Specialist Four in Uncle Sam's Army. I can't complain (which disappoints me because that seems to be the accepted and decent thing to do) because the Army's helped me mature into a man and I'm grateful. In fact, I like it so much I think I'll re-enlist! But until I do, I've got two hundred and seventy-seven days (something like that) and a wake-up to go. Besides, it's time for chow, so there's a pretty fair chance that I'll change my mind in a few minutes.

Yours always,
Johnny

P.S.—'Wish I had a chance to answer personally all the kind letters I've been receiving since I've been in the Army. Every one of them is greatly appreciated even if they all begin with a "Dear John." Thank you. ●

CAN I FORGET?

continued from page 31

much as you need, but while you cleanse your heart of pain, also get rid of all the objects and souvenirs that remind you of him.

"Start with the things dearest to you, and finish with putting away even the dresses that hold memories for you. Avoid the places that remind you of him."

Karyn had sobered a little. She seemed ready to try.

"And when you've done that, don't be afraid you're worse off than before. The basic person you are hasn't changed just because of one bad experience. You've grown up a lot through pain, you know, and you can be proud that you didn't run to him. You can be proud that you had greater reserves of loyalty to Bobby than many girls would have. You know what it's like on the darker side of young romance, too. So you see, you've gained personally.

"Many young boys don't take going steady as seriously as girls, so when Bobby called it off, he really wasn't aware of the pain he'd caused you."

Karyn looked around her, hesitated, and quickly asked, "What do I do now, though? Bobby and I'd done everything together."

"Well, you may not *want* to date right away," I offered. "Give yourself a little time for that. But, school and volunteer church and charity work are fine places for your energy. Don't mope, that's for sure. Look around you again.

"And collect your friends for shopping expeditions or group movie dates for awhile. Pretty soon you'll feel like taking up the dating game!"

It was a start for Karyn, I could see. She looked with more balance and maturity towards her future. She realized that this bad time was a beginning toward something, as well as the finish of a time in her life. We chatted for a while and then she said goodby to me quietly and thoughtfully.

When she left my garden, the day was slipping into night. The cool air promised another season, although it was still spring. ●

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.....

WHAT SHOWS DO YOU WATCH ON T.V.? .....

.....

.....

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE T.V. PERSONALITIES?

MALE ***FEMALE***

.....

WHAT STORIES IN THIS ISSUE DIDN'T YOU READ? .....

.....

HOW OFTEN DO YOU GO TO THE MOVIES? .....

WHICH MOVIE STARS DO YOU LIKE BEST?

MALE ***FEMALE***

.....

HOW OFTEN DO YOU BUY RECORDS? .....

WHOSE RECORDS DO YOU LIKE MOST?

MALE ***FEMALE***

.....

.....

WHAT SCHOOL DO YOU ATTEND? .....

WHAT GRADE ARE YOU IN NOW? .....

HAVE YOU EVER ANSWERED A TEEN LIFE QUESTIONNAIRE BEFORE?

.....

NAME ..... **AGE** .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... **STATE** ..... **ZIP** .....

PETER TORK

continued from page 17

participant in "saying something" to the world.

"I think we're doing some things here on the show," Peter insists. "I really do.

"I wish there were more time to say more things," he sighed wistfully, "but even as it is, I think we're doing things for people. I hope so, anyway."

Perhaps Peter is correct, though this is hardly the concept the average adult has as he watches what appears to be utter mayhem conducted each week by The Monkees on their highly successful television series.

But perhaps to a teen-ager, for whom the show patently is designed, the series does, indeed, carry a message. One that gets through to the young person, where all the devices heretofore designed to do just that have failed miserably.

Perhaps, as Peter says, The Monkees do, indeed, have a method to their madness. One that is supposed to do—and does—much more than present a half hour of fun and games and enrich the bank accounts of everyone connected with the program.

Nor does Peter think that just because he is in the entertainment world this should keep him out of government.

"Listen, an entertainer is a citizen," Peter says bitingly. "Just as much a citizen as the banker or businessman. More so most of the time, if anyone judges by the taxes paid by entertainers. So you tell me—if a guy cares about what is going on, and he's been supporting his government for years with a bunch of bucks, why shouldn't he get in there and try to do what he thinks will make things better?"

Evidently no reason at all, if any conclusion is to be drawn from the recent rash of actors successfully making the transfer to politics in the State of California. It is no coincidence that the first words of the new Governor of California to the junior Senator from California, following the former's swearing in, were, "Well, George, we're back on the late show again."

Because, in a sense, they were. For the Governor, as everyone knows, was erstwhile actor Ronald Reagan, and he was speaking to Sen. George Murphy, whose old motion pictures pop up regularly to entertain those who don't go to bed early.

So Peter Tork has some highly-placed examples to give him encouragement for his political ambitions. And, by the time Peter makes up his mind to make the move, there well may be more. Rumor is rampant that Robert Vaughn, just as soon as *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* goes off the air, will run for public office.

Peter sees nothing but advantage to be had from a previous career as an entertainer. "I think you have more poise as a speaker," he says.

True, but might not an actor, by dint of his professional ability to perform, be just fooling the public, or misusing his ability to sway people?

"How?" Peter inquired, bristling a bit. "How on earth can anybody really be swayed for very long, no matter how great a performer a man is, if that man doesn't really have anything to say?

"Look," Peter went on unhesitatingly, "Let's say, just for the heck of it, that some joker did just act his way into office, huh? Okay, then what? He's got to

produce after he gets there, hasn't he? And that, pal, is where he finds his moment of truth."

"If he does a lousy job," Peter chuckled, "he won't get elected the second time. You can bet on that. And if he does a good job, why shouldn't he be re-elected, just like a lawyer, or anybody else?"

Then, shrugging elaborately, Peter said, "But what the heck. Right now, I just have the show to do every week. Which is great.

"Basically," Peter went on, "I'm just a happy guy, you see.

"Of course," he admitted instantly, "right now I'm down, because I'm tired and because I feel bugged about a lot of things."

The sort of things, obviously, that he feels can best be confronted from the area of politics. Things that need to be made better. Things that grate on Peter's nerves, and make him want to rush in and try and straighten out.

"But even so," Peter repeated, as if to emphasize the positive, "I still consider myself a happy guy. Basically, I'm an optimist. I believe things are getting better all the time.

"Maybe not second to second," Peter said, with a wry grin, "but year by year. There's a lot to be done, though."

For a moment, Peter Tork was lost in reverie, as if he already were seeing himself, several years hence, leaving the entertainment world, which has given him so much, to enter the world of politics. A world which might not take him so easily to its heart. But which Peter, imbued with a strong desire for service, is willing to brave.

"You see," Peter suddenly said, so softly the reporter could hardly hear him, "One of these days, I aim to get *my* help out there. And I really think I can help."

He means it.

He intends to try, come what may.

And, who knows, Peter Tork just might be right. It certainly won't hurt anyone for him to try. It might even help, as Peter predicts.

No one can argue that the world needs all the help it can get. ●

By TONY TAYLOR

RAIDERS

continued from page 23

the Raiders' style rock and roll. Harpo has written many beautiful and meaningful songs. They are songs that express his innermost feeling and deep convictions. They are songs about love and understanding. He has a profound longing to record these songs.

"Although I'm going to miss the others—whom I consider my best buddies—I really am happy about leaving the group. I sincerely need a change. It's a sort of growth requirement," Harpo went on. "Apart from writing and recording songs, I'd like to write stories and fantasies for children. If possible, I'd like to publish books and do the art work for them. We'll see what happens . . ."

Then after a concert in Baltimore on April 2nd, Smitty and Fang told Paul that they too were leaving.

Smitty's reason for leaving the Raiders was quite simple. His wife asked him to.

"It was a very hard decision to make," Smitty told us. "But I knew that sooner or later I'd have to make it. I loved

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being a Raider, but it just wasn't fair to my wife and young son. I was on the road so much that I hardly ever saw them. Now I'm not quite sure what I'm going to do, but it'll definitely be something to do with music."

Rumor has it that Smitty might form a new group in Los Angeles along with ex-Raider, Drake Levin and Fang. And although Fang is very interested in that idea, he's even more interested in becoming an actor. He's talked about this ambition for a long time—and now he plans to do something about it. That's if Uncle Sam doesn't get him first. He's already been classified 1A by his local draft board, and if he passes his physical there's no doubt that he'll be drafted.

And how does Paul Revere feel about three of his Raiders quitting? "At first I was stunned," he told us. I didn't know what to say. But it goes without saying that I wish them all luck in their new ventures."

Although Paul is upset at the departure of Fang, Smitty and Harpo, he's very happy about their replacements. Freddy Weller has already taken over from Harpo, and he's sure you'll love the two handsome guys who are coming in for Smitty and Fang. So are we! At press time, contracts have not yet been signed so we cannot tell you their names. But we will soon . . .

GARY'S SECRET DIARY

continued from page 33

gambling casino. That's such an exciting town with all the neon and the activity 24 hours a day and the plush hotels and so many things to do and see. I used to tell Mom, 'Just wait till I grow up, I'm bringing my bride here.'

But then I went to Hawaii last year and changed my mind completely. That's the most glorious, most glamorous, most romantic place in the whole world and how anxious I am to share it with Jinky.

That Jinky. What a girl she is. Do you know, whenever we're apart she spends the time listening to my records! Really she does. And when she first moved into our house with Mom and Dad right after we became engaged she asked if she could stay in my bedroom as long as I was away in the Army. She even got upset because the maid changed the sheets. She said she wanted to sleep on the same sheets I had used because it made her feel closer to me. Can you imagine that?

Quite a change from the way she felt the first time she saw me. That was two years ago and Jinky was in the middle of an around-the-world tour. She stopped over in Los Angeles because there was one actor she felt she just had to meet—Jerry Lewis. She never did get to meet him, but imagine! he turns out to be her father-in-law. Anyway, she did manage to get onto the lot at Paramount Studios and who does she pass while walking out? Me. And do you know what her reaction to me was at that time? 'Ugh! What a creep!' How do you like that? That's what she tells me was her first reaction to me. Boy, has she changed her feelings!

BEDTIME FRIDAY NIGHT—Back from another day at the grind and how nice to be able to relax with Jinky for a good dinner and a quiet evening. Guess what? Today Dad promised to buy us a house when we give him his first grandchild. Not that we need any urging. Both

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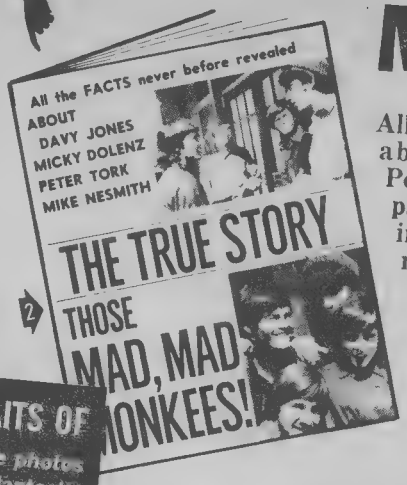

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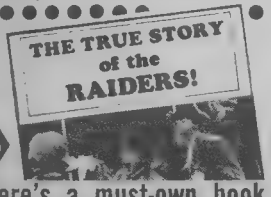

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Jinky and I want a large family—a whole houseful of kids. Mom keeps teasing, though, that if the first one is a girl she's going to keep it. Poor Mom. A houseful of boys and not one single girl for her. Except, the way she and Jinky get along, I know she feels about her just like she would for a daughter.

And you probably know how Dad would react if we had a girl. He's wanted one for so long. He kids Mom about it a lot and makes a lot of fuss everytime Mom has gone to the hospital to have another. And you know what? He really means it. Oh, sure, he loves all us boys. But he really wanted at least one daughter. Maybe it's just as well that none of us was a girl. She'd probably wind up being the world's most spoiled kid.

I took Jinky to see the Viet Nam village set-up on the base today and was she very impressed. But she was shocked and saddened, too. It's a terribly frightening thing to see, this mock-up of a real honest-to-gosh Vietnamese village we practice in so that we GI's will know what to expect if we get over there. There are caves that are booby-trapped and rice paddy fields that are studded with hidden poison spikes and a temple which has an enemy soldier hiding underneath the floor. To show you how real and dangerous even this practice is, the Army has even had to give us shoes with steel plates in the soles so those poisoned spikes can't penetrate them. They're the same shoes they issue the guys over there in the combat zone.

Talk about working! I've lost 12 pounds since I've gone into the Army. Now I'm going to try and gain it back. But I don't think I'll go back to my old civilian haircut. Jinky likes my short GI cut. And I think I like it on me, too. ●

SEX AND MORALS

continued from page 27

charming vacuous statements which say exactly nothing—he's against cheating—it's that simple. You don't cheat—at any level. You don't cheat on your wife or your husband, or on your income tax. You don't cheat at school, or in business, or in any way at all. Why? Because it's wrong.

Fabian was seated at lunch in one of those charming olde English pub-type restaurants which abound in Los Angeles. The room was panelled in dark oak, and had dark brown leather seats, lots of amber lighting, scarlet and gold paintings on the wall. It was a room calculated for relaxation and ease, but Fabian was wide awake and intensely aware as he spoke.

He has matured into an extremely handsome man. Much taller and broader than I'd expected (about six feet tall), his carved good looks are crowned with thick crisp brown hair. He was wearing a dark red cashmere pullover sweater with a white shirt underneath it, and the white of his shirt underscored his deep tan. He has a face which lights up when he smiles (which is often), but at the moment he was completely serious as he discussed the moral issues of the day.

"I used to see some of those young kids who were on the loose, when I was on tour as a singer," he said. Fabian was just a boy himself then, only fourteen years old when he was discovered in Philadelphia, and soon thereafter taken out on the road to plug his sensational record hits. It was a whole new world to this young boy from a close-knit Italian family, and it was a world which could very easily have destroyed him. That it did not, is a tribute to the kind of rearing and home life he had received. "And also," he grinned, "I was pretty well protected by my manager and the entourage which always surrounded us. My folks would never have let me go, otherwise!"

But even with that protection, even with his innate sense of right and wrong, Fabian was not wholly prepared for some of the things he encountered.

"Most of the kids who came to our concerts were wonderful," he said, reminiscently. "Just teeners . . . girls, mainly. Young . . . sweet . . . anxious to come and see us in person and be part of the fun.

"But there were others—far too young to be so bold and knowledgeable—kids who came crashing through the police lines, or backstage barricades. They seemed to have no restraints whatever. I remember a couple of kids who came bursting into my dressing room and began tearing at my clothes! Wild. I hustled them out in a hurry, but it stands to reason that some day those kids were going to hurl themselves into a situation where they wouldn't get out quite so easily."

Fabe poured himself a cup of coffee as he continued. "Sometimes I see kids like that today," he reflected, "parading up and down the Strip. Looking for 'action,' and not quite sure what the action is, or what to do with it if they find it! Answering the ads to attend psychedelic parties, ads you can see posted all up and down Sunset Strip. Girls teaming up with boys they don't even know! Boys who are out to take, not give, and certainly not to protect!

"Girls who are so anxious to be popular, that they will do almost *anything*," said Fabian leaning forward to intensify his words, "should remember one thing. They have only one body . . . one mind. It's up to them to cherish and protect it. Becoming involved in premature sex, trying to find out too much too soon, getting involved in some of these new far out experiences, can ruin them—really ruin them! Sex is wonderful, but it's not for children!"

Teenagers take note of Fabian's advice! He knows the route. He's been there. Protected though he was, both by his professional counsellors and his own strong character, he has seen enough of what can happen to innocent, unwary teenagers to beg them to be careful. Particularly, the young girls.

"There are always plenty of older boys, and men who will take advantage of younger girls," he said and then, flashing an impish grin he added, "Boys are tougher. They can take emotional hangups better. But girls, just because they ARE girls, are more sensitive . . . softer. They give more freely, and they can be hurt and disillusioned for life if they aren't careful.

"You know," said Fabian, "I think that, even though there has certainly been a breakdown is our accepted moral values, it has affected only a small minority. They just get more publicity, that's all. I think the average teenager is a wonderful kid, anxious to grow up, concerned about the real problems of the day, willing to do all he can to help. The few beatniks . . . defeatists . . . the ones who riot and retreat into drugs, they're the ones who get the publicity, and their influence is played up out of all proportion to their real impact."

"What do you mean by defeatists?" I asked, intrigued.

Fabian didn't answer for a moment, searching for just the right word. "It seems to me," he said slowly, "that the person who becomes a beatnik, a society drop-out, so to speak, is really a defeatist. He's saying, 'I'm no good. I can never make it . . . as a person, or in a job, or socially. I'll just drop out . . . I'm no good anyway.' So he sits back and criticizes the ones who are trying.

"But I still think they're a minority. I went down on Sunset Strip during the recent curfew riots. I was curious, wanted to see what was going on. And believe me," he laughed, "I stood out like a sore thumb. I was the only guy there with short hair! But it's my impression that ninety percent of the kids who milled around those few nights were just curious to see what was going on. They weren't really involved, they were there just to watch. The hard core of sign carrying, long-haired beatnik protestors was really pretty small. I think that the ones who rebel are proportionately few.

"Sometimes I worry though," he added seriously, "about how it will be in, say, ten or fifteen years." (Fabian and his lovely Kate may just be the parents of a teenage son or daughter by then, and he will probably be more involved with this situation than he is right now.)

Fabian's face is wonderful to see when he speaks of his wife Katie. It's obvious that they are very much in love and in total agreement on this subject of morals. Married just a few months ago, Fabe is very happy with his beautiful blonde wife, and the chances are great that they will establish a home and family as solid and secure as was Fabian's own.

"I think the press has a moral problem too," he said unexpectedly. "I think they sometimes over-report and sensationalize some of the things that happen in order to sell their papers or magazines. Some of the publishers should take a long hard look at their motivations for printing some of the things they do."

"Well . . . what about censorship?" I asked.

"No . . . out and out censorship is never good," said Fabe. "Where children are concerned, it's up to the parent." More and more as we talked it became apparent that good home training and family life are the bedrock of character, in Fabian's opinion. He feels that the family unit is still the best one ever devised by man to establish honest, open, good relationships, and provide a kind of warm immunity from some of life's more crushing blows.

There are great plans underway for Fabian's movie career at the moment. He has just finished an action picture called *Thunder Alley*, a story about racing drivers. Annette Funicello and Diane McBain co-star with him. "I liked that. I enjoyed doing it," he said. "I like the kind of action-adventure pictures that Steve McQueen and Paul Newman do. Actually," he smiled that lights-up smile of his, "I love acting! I study and work at it all the time. I really don't miss my singing career, I find acting much more stimulating. And eventually, I want to produce."

We discussed ways to help people achieve some of the things they want, particularly those people who have such

continued

ONCE UPON A GOLDIE...

A true fairy tale –well nearly– of Goldie Zelkovitz and her Gingerbreads.

ONCE upon a time in the Land of Nod, there lived a very hip fairy princess named Goldie. Now Goldie loved to sing, but the Powers of Nod, those who made the rules, were a bit puzzled. Goldie didn't sound like the other fairy princesses throughout the land. She sounded, well—"different" was the word they used after a town meeting one day. They summoned her to their chambers, then asked her to describe this strange type of music she sang.

"Why, don't you like it?" Goldie asked. "Well, it's just that we've never heard anything like it before," they answered, "Is it from the Land of Nod?"

Goldie decided that the best way to win them over to her type of music was to sing a bit for them. So, taking a deep breath, she sang out: "Gimme some lovin', you gotta give me some of your lovin' every day—yeah." After a few more bars of the Spencer Davis Group hit, the Powers of Nod were seen to have a trace of a smile on their faces. Then Goldie belted out: "We're Walking in Different Circles, Baby" (her latest record on the Atlantic label, by the way). The Head Power interrupted her eagerly. "This music, Goldie, what is it called?" "Why, sir, it's called SOUL—or rhythm and blues if you like—and I want you all to dig it!"

They did, and from that moment on, it became the swinging Land of Nod!

Beautiful? True, too. Oh, maybe not that bit about the Land of Nod, but true in the sense that Goldie and her all-girl group, The Gingerbreads, have come a long way and given us a new type of music to hang on to and get in to. Soul music has been around for a long time —we all know that. But always it has been associated with screaming and wailing. Not so with Goldie. Her soul is rich, deep and quiet. Not hush-hush type quiet, but powerfully quiet, if it might be described that way.

The formation of the revolutionary girl group came about four years ago. Since then the style, sound and members have changed many times, with Goldie always striving to achieve the perfect combination of talent, charm and appearance. Now it seems as though she has finally arrived at this goal. The group, now, consists of Carol MacDonald (rhythm guitar—sings too), Ginger Bianco (drums), Suzi Michaels (lead guitar), Christie Thompson (organ and piano), Judy Sussman (piano) and of course, Goldie Zelkovitz who, apart from singing, plays tamborine, "a little guitar and a bit of drums."

They look great, they sound great—in fact they are great. Now they're waiting for their Fairy Godmother to come along, wave her wand and give them a great big hit. And with everything they've got going for them, it shouldn't be long before that happens. . . .

Left to right: Carol, Judy, Suzi, Christie and Ginger. Sitting down, is Goldie.

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sad, or nonexistent home lives, that their dreams seem hopeless. Some of them lead such empty lives that they cannot even dream. That's one of the reasons why Fabian is so enthusiastic about the Boys' Clubs of America.

"I went to a boy's club in Philadelphia," he recalled. "It added to my life with athletics and other avenues of expression. But of course that was on top of my happy home life. Many of the kids had no home at all, except for the Club."

Fabian often goes down to help out at a boy's club in East Los Angeles. "Those kids are so wonderful," he said, his face softening, "they're really great, so eager to be doing something, and they have so little! I think if we can help at these levels, help inspire and educate and boost some of these kids, it would be the greatest thing in the world, both for them and for the country."

The talk drifted at mention of the word "country," into a discussion of the Vietnamese War.

"There's no easy solution," said Fabe slowly. "It's a tremendous problem, and I hope and pray that it can be worked out soon."

"What would you do if you were drafted?"

Fabian looked surprised. "Why I'd go," he said simply. "The question of whether or not I approve of the war, or whether or not I *want* to go, has nothing to do with it. It's my duty as an American citizen, and of course I would go."

No matter how you look at it, Fabian is a pretty impressive person. It simply hadn't occurred to him that he might protest being drafted on the basis of his marital status, or the fact that his soaring career might be irreparably harmed. His bedrock set of values would never permit him to take the easy way out, to try and cheat or soften an unpleasant situation. "If I'm drafted, I'll go."

What molds a young man like Fabian? Here is a man, extremely handsome, successful in one of the most cut-throat competitive businesses in the world (and a business where the temptations to dally, to play, to cheat a little, are almost overwhelming). Where does he get the strength of character to resist it all . . . the girls, the drugs, the soft living which is so easily available and is so terribly destructive? Where does he find the moral strength to stand up and be counted in an age when pornography often passes as art, and the concept of "getting by" is the accepted norm, rather than the question of whether a thing is good or bad, right or wrong.

Undoubtedly, much of Fabian's character was developed within his warm, happy, satisfying family life. And his religious training contributed a great deal too.

"I used to chafe at some of the restrictions of my religion when I was a kid," smiled Fabe. "I had some pretty long, hot talks with priest friends of mine —I thought some of the demands were crazy! But even if you can't always live up to all the ideals of your religion, it can be one of the strongest, best forces in your life. I know it helped me."

Fabian is Catholic, but he feels that all religions offer the strength and guideposts we all need.

"Religion can help in our relationships with other people all over the world," he said with great sincerity. "If we can just learn to get along with each other . . . that would be an expression of the greatest moral good there is."

Fabian smiled. "I guess," he said, "that love, love for your family, your country, for everyone in the whole world, is the best answer after all." ●

By KAREN HOLDT

FASHION-WRITE

continued from page 28

advice!—Clothes-needy.

Sounds as though you need practice-shopping. This is a tricky little device for sharpening sensible shopping. It's also great for impulse shoppers.

Devote a week, or four Saturdays, to shopping without money. **Go to the largest shopping area near you, preferably one with plenty of little shops, and spend this time experimenting with styles.**

Try things on, wear each outfit awhile and imagine yourself in the places you'd go with this outfit on.

You're shopping for your "look" now, so try on as many different things as you please. Pretty soon, you'll have a much clearer idea of your taste along with what's appropriate for you.

Later, you can go back to these shops to buy the clothes you liked, so don't feel guilty about spending their time to find the clothes-sense that will make you a better buyer.

After trial-shopping, you can list your clothing needs (such as how many dresses, skirts, etc.), consult your parents and think of your future activities.

Then you can go real-shopping with your mother or a close friend for your planned wardrobe!

DEAR LEVINO: *I think your advice on fashion is super. But I have a problem no one has been able to solve. And my best friend has just the opposite problem.*

She has very dry hair, and my hair is so oily I have to wash and set it every two days or I'd look like a string-top.

What can we do for each of our problems?—Hair-terrible.

For very dry hair, try olive oil! Or one or the professional, beauty-salon preparations. The important thing is to use a heat cap after application.

For oily hair things are more complicated. One of the models I know uses cologne between washes to cleanse her hair of excess oil. She avoids hairsprays or after-shampoo rinses and uses a shampoo designed to cut in on oil.

It's also important to cut down on foods with a high fat content, because these foods add to your problem.

Have you got fab photos of yourself or people you know wearing an extraordinary outfit? Did you snap a photo of someone who'se "look" you think should get around? If so, send me a non-returnable copy. Since this is YOUR page, I plan to show YOU off. We'll publish the best photos of the new looks in your **town!**

Whether your problem or question is about fashion, new styles, or beauty-business in general, I'd love to answer your letter here. Address your fashion queries to:
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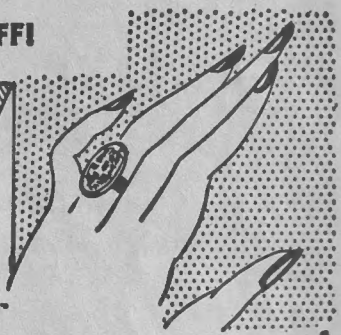

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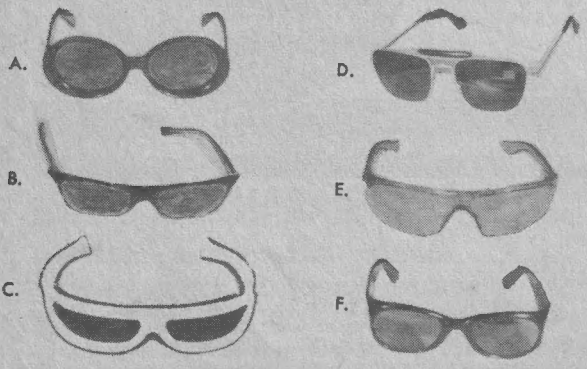

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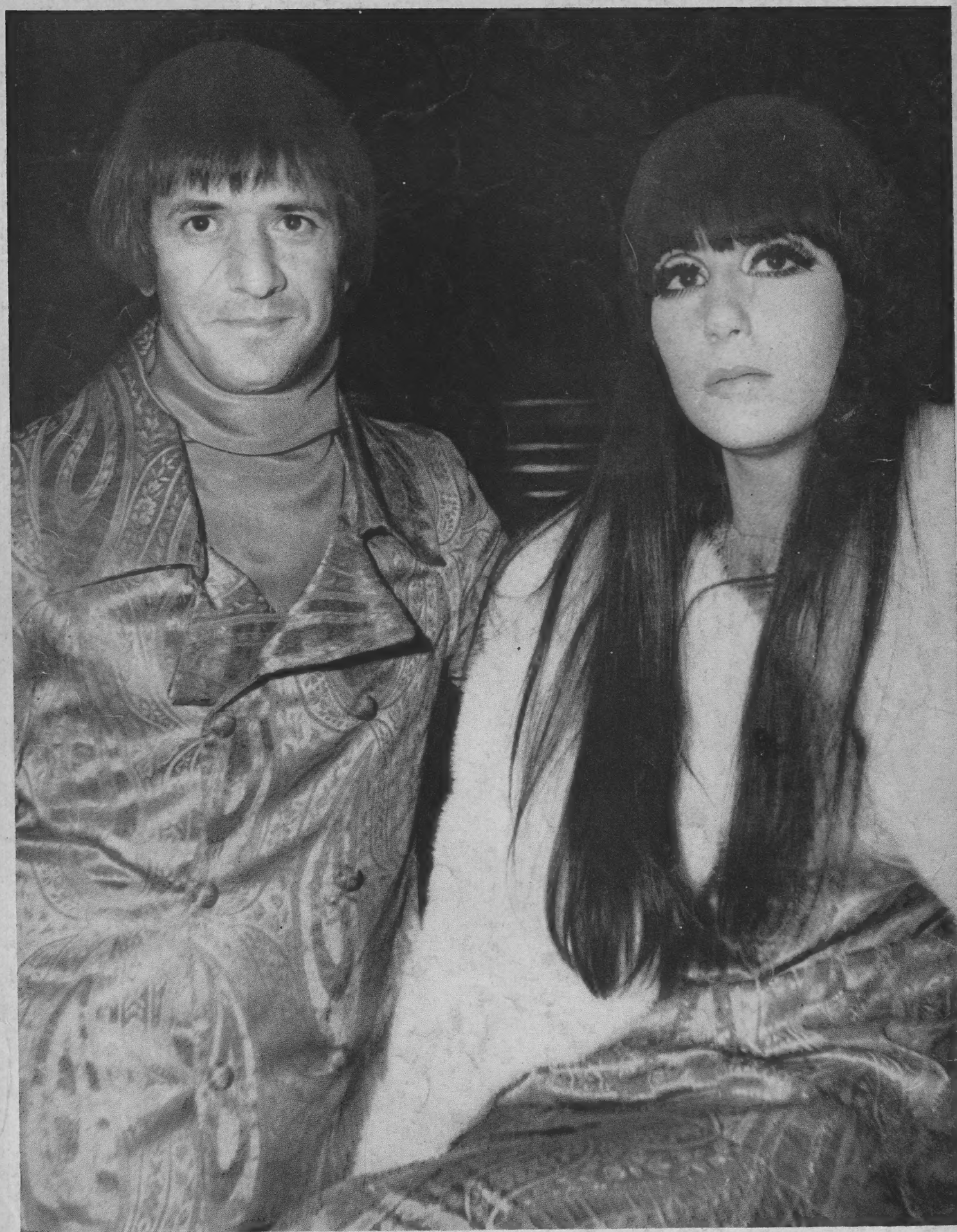

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